

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

THE balloting at Albany during the week has been nearly monotonous, the Conkling forces remaining firm and the Administration men scattering their votes as at first. The first change was the increase in the number of votes cast for Governor Cornell, who got 23 upon one ballot, and is said to have been privately admonished from headquarters to withdraw more into the shade for the present; on Tuesday, Depew suddenly gained 21 votes, giving him 42 in all. The Stalwart party make no disguise of their intention to force a speedy adjournment if possible, and the Democrats may probably be relied upon to help them. Of course it is for their interest to do so before their opponents unite upon candidates, as an adjournment after any Administration candidate should get enough votes to be equivalent to a caucus nomination could only be urged with a very bad grace. However, it is difficult to see how an adjournment to-morrow could help Conkling, and the talk of his side about the Governor's calling the Legislature together after the next election, the results of which shall have been prearranged with the Democrats, seems very wild. It is on its face a forlorn hope, and success would not mean the recovery of the party-leadership which Conkling lost with the Collectorship. The only incident to relieve the tedium of the balloting has been the presentation of a bogus petition for the ex-Senators' return by Mr. Eidman, of this city. It purported to be signed by 3,100 residents of the Eighth Senate District, but it soon appeared that the names were alphabetically transcribed by one person in one kind of ink from some list or other. In the way of petitions the "Half-Breeds" have far outstripped the Stalwarts, and it was probably felt that something would have to be done to show that "popular enthusiasm" was not all on one side.

Mr. Arthur, the Vice-President, is exciting a great deal of indignation, not only in this State but all over the country, by his performances at Albany as a louter for votes for his friend Mr. Conkling. But we must say that much of this condemnation, certainly that part of it which comes from Republicans, seems to us unreasonable. Mr. Arthur was nominated by the Republican Convention and elected by the voters with a full knowledge of his character and antecedents. It is, indeed, seldom that a candidate is in these days so well known to the general public. The New York press had made everybody familiar with the nature of his activities in this city—his management of the Custom-house, and the caucuses and the primaries, and his bargains with the Tammany Democrats, and his great skill and energy in all subterranean politics. It is true nothing was or is known about his opinions on leading questions of the day, but this may be said of a great many highly respectable politicians. He is no more to blame for concealing these, or for never forming any, than scores of other men who are rated more highly. He figured, too, very prominently in that very prominent affair, the extortion of \$271,000 from the Dodge firm by the moiety men. Of this he pocketed \$21,000, and has probably never regretted it or felt ashamed of it for one moment. It has never occurred to him that people would be shocked by seeing him "tout" at Albany. If he were so constituted as to expect anything of the kind, of course his whole career and objects in life would have been different. As he has been guilty of no sort of concealment about his calling, we bespeak for him the patience and consideration of all who voted for him. The moral of his performances is that we must not expect to change a man's nature by electing him to the Vice-Presidency, and must not suppose, as we often do, that electing a man to any office will be received by him as an intimation that he must change his ways. On the contrary, he naturally receives it as an intimation that we rather like his ways.

Much the same thing may be said of Platt. He was perfectly well known when elected to the Senate last year, and his recent performance and present position flow so naturally and logically from his character

that they might almost have been predicted before he entered the Senate. His election marked the lowest point reached by the politics of this State under the Conkling influence. We advise any one who wants amusing reading to turn to the files of the Republican papers of this city on the morning after his election for explanations of him and of his success, and for stories of his owing his success to his having really broken with Conkling and determined "to set up for himself"—as if he had anything to set up with.

Mr. Conkling was in this city for some days last week, having left his lieutenant, the Vice-President, at Albany "in command of his forces." He came down as counsel for the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, to argue on their behalf in aid of the movement to get their taxes reduced. It seems rather odd that the "Monopolists" should be so eager to secure the legal services of a great Anti-Monopolist champion like Mr. Conkling. It looks like a depraved taste on the part of the railroad extortioners; but it is not odder than the alacrity with which Mr. Conkling accepts their briefs. The Manhattan Company is the greatest monopolist of them all. No railroad has ever before taken or damaged so much private property without compensation, and it has wallowed in every other form of monopolist vice, including construction companies, stock-watering, and uniform charges. It levies "through rates" on every man, woman, and child who enters its cars, even if they only travel a mile, and now sends the Anti-Monopolist champion into court to ask for a reduction of its taxes, although it is paying or trying to pay ten per cent. dividends on its much-watered stock.

Mr. Conkling's ability to play the part of an Anti-Monopolist champion in politics and a Monopolist lawyer in the courts has a counterpart in the West just now, but with the rôles reversed, in the case of Mr. James F. Wilson. This gentleman has been for many years the confidential counsel and champion of the railroads. In 1876 he appeared before a joint committee of the Iowa Legislature as the representative of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, to oppose the railroad tariff law and demand its repeal, and said the reason he had been selected for this duty was that he was well known to be opposed to such legislation, and he then and there delivered a discourse against legislative interference with railroad rates which the Monopolists printed and circulated far and wide as "a legal and powerful speech that every one ought to read." He returned to the subject so late as January, 1880, and delivered another address to the House Committee of Congress against the Reagan Inter-State Commerce Bill, which he denounced as "impracticable, unphilosophical, and opposed to the best interests of the country," and he held up the experience of his own State, Iowa, as a warning against the principle of the fourth section of the bill, which forbade "low rates for long hauls." He said "it had produced evil, and only evil," in Iowa. In fact, he had advocated the freedom of the companies in the management of their business as the best thing for all concerned. He seems to be now tired of being so long out of politics, so he has just been thundering at the Hennepin Canal Convention against the "Monopolists," and laid down the amazing doctrine, which goes far beyond anything heard in Iowa or Wisconsin in 1876, that when any increase in the value of a railroad takes place through increase of traffic, and corresponding improvement of the road, it properly belongs not to the stockholders who ventured their money in the enterprise, but to the people who travel on it and have invested a few fares or inconsiderable freight-charges in it. We are greatly afraid the Anti-Monopolist movement is going to produce worse cases of demagoguery than even the Granger movement.

Mr. Hayes has helped to swell the tide of Mr. Conkling's misfortunes by some observations made to a reporter on Mr. Conkling's character, which show more sharpness and destructiveness than was commonly supposed to be in the ex-President's composition. His assertion that Mr. Conkling is suffering from "monomania on the subject of his own importance" is a very happy bit of diagnosis; and the news that Mr. Conkling was also mainly instrumental in getting up the Potter Committee, and that he declared that Mr. Hayes "would leave the

White House in disgrace in thirty days after the investigation began," is an interesting contribution to the history of the troubles of the late Presidential term. But it will probably surprise no one. Quarrelling, intrigue, and private abuse of his enemies have been the principal occupation of the ex-Senator's life for many years.

General Grant has reached New Orleans on his return from Mexico, and seems to grow angrier over the treatment his friend Mr. Conkling is receiving at Albany the nearer he gets to home. He says it is shameful, and thinks the newspaper abuse of the ex-Senator is instigated by the White House, but does not believe the President personally has anything to do with it. He probably thinks that Mr. Blaine sent out circulars to all the papers directing them to attack Mr. Conkling and Mr. Platt daily until further notice. Gen. Grant is evidently not fully informed about the situation, and we would suggest his not commenting on it further until he reaches New York. His railroad enterprise in New Mexico, he says, has been eminently successful, and he does not seem to entertain that dread of "Monopolists" which characterizes some of his "Crowd" in Albany.

The week was lit up for a moment in sporting circles, and in a smaller degree in all, by the winning of the Derby by an American horse, Iroquois, owned by Mr. Lorillard, of this city. The excitement would unquestionably have been very great if Iroquois had been a real American horse, of Kentucky or Vermont stock on both sides; but reflection brought out the fact that his father was an English horse, and that he went to England when a yearling, and was trained in an English stable and ridden by an English jockey. Consequently he was about as much an American thoroughbred as Heenan was the champion of the American "heavy-weights," and his victory has little of the sweetness which came from that of the yacht *America*, or from the rifle matches. Mr. Lorillard, the owner, by being an American and staying at home, loses much of whatever gratification the Derby brings to the owner of the winning horse. Were he in England he would be for a few months a more honored and envied man than the Archbishop of Canterbury or Mr. Gladstone. This is probably the strangest kind of honor the modern world has yet produced, because the recipient rarely does anything to earn it beyond spending money freely in paying trainers to try colts and fillies. At present the jockeys are pressing close behind the owners, if they have not already surpassed them, as popular favorites. Archer, who rode Iroquois, is not yet thirty, and was brought up in a stable, and yet has earned a considerable fortune. He got a year's salary of a highly-paid clergyman or professor—\$5,000—for riding this one race. Some of the jockeys are said to keep their broughams, and "run down to Nice" now and then for change of air in winter.

The surplus reserve of the New York banks was reduced during the week to \$9,500,000 from \$14,720,000, mainly on account of transfers of money out of town in settlement of construction-company and corporate-loan accounts. Since the last bank statement was rendered another important settlement has been made, involving a little over \$16,000,000, paid by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to the committee representing the holders of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad stock, which was recently bought by the former company. This settlement was, however, so arranged through the Bank of Commerce, where the principal parties to the transaction all keep accounts, as to cause little disturbance to the money market. Except for these large settlements there has been nothing to disturb the money market, which, moreover, promises to be very "easy" for borrowers during the summer. The New York banks evidently look for low rates for money, for they have expanded their loans beyond \$340,000,000, which is by far the highest point ever reached. Unfortunately this expansion is not, good as general trade is, in response to a commercial demand for money, and accordingly it has properly drawn forth conservative criticism. Mercantile business of all kinds is good; the transportation traffic is fully up to the large volume of last year. The most conflicting reports have been current during the week as to whether the trunk-line railroads were "cutting" through-freight rates; and the week has witnessed about the usual amount of lying, for this season, respecting the condition of the crops.

This has not been confined to one side or the other; each side, as in a horse-trade, apparently considering it fair to make any representations not on their face incredible. The foreign exchanges have been less active than of late, and there is a profit neither in importing nor exporting gold. At the close of the week the 412½-grain silver dollar had a bullion value of \$0.8662.

The Republican papers are naturally annoyed at the failure of the Virginia Readjusters to "sink" the debt question. It has been very pleasant all along to believe that repudiation was merely the original issue made by General Mahone and his friends because it was the only one available, and that after they had used it as a stalking horse to cover their attack upon Bourbonism they would promptly discard it. Unhappily, however General Mahone personally may feel about the matter, his party of "live young men" still preserve their disagreeable prejudice against paying their debts, and at their State Convention last week made the provisions of the famous Riddleberger repudiating bill one of the foremost planks of their platform. General Mahone and his friends must not be too severely blamed for this. Perhaps they do not fully appreciate the fact that their professions as to their real purposes and the insignificance of the debt question are implicitly trusted by other than the Massachusetts Senators. But even if they did, and were ever so anxious to deserve the good opinion so freely offered them, they would be unable to let "the original issue," the mere excuse for fighting Bourbonism, subside, simply because it is more important to them to secure the votes of the mass of their party than the sympathy of Northern Republicans. They are not far wrong in supposing they will get a good deal of the latter any way, we presume; but what would have really done them some good is the support of the Administration, and they certainly would not have thrown away their chances of getting that if they had not been obliged to do so.

The Convention was very boisterous and enthusiastic, and the correspondents were all sufficiently impressed by its animation to be convinced that the party has good prospects of success. The representation was large and a third of it negroes. Colonel Cameron, ex-Mayor of Petersburg, was nominated for Governor, after a vigorous contest with Auditor Massey, his principal opponent, during which the friends of Riddleberger endeavored to "spring" him upon the Convention, but with lamentable ill-success. For Lieutenant-Governor, John F. Lewis, who has occupied the office before as well as that of United States Senator, was chosen with very little opposition, except on Riddleberger's part. In fact, all the Convention seemed to desire of Riddleberger was his bill. Mr. Lewis was originally a farmer, entered the legislature of 1861, and, steadily opposing secession, was the only member who voted against the ordinance. He has since been a Republican, and his nomination should win votes for the ticket. Frank S. Blair, who was nominated for Attorney-General, is a simon-pure Readjuster, like Cameron. If the Republicans adjourn their convention without nominating, and it is already rumored that an effort will be made to "capture" it with this view, doubtless the Readjuster ticket will receive most, if not all, of the Republican vote. The Convention seems to have proved that Mahone is as popular with the leaders of his party since his Senatorial escapade as he was before. Whether he is with the rank and file, the election, of course, will have to disclose.

A counter demonstration to what may be called the fashionable prohibition movement in North Carolina was made in Raleigh last week. A convention representing the liquor-makers and dealers, and their friends, met and resolved to found an anti-prohibition party, and listened to a number of very indifferent speeches from white and colored orators. Great sympathy was manifested for the poor farmer, who was to be cut off from his customary tipples and at the same time compelled to make good the loss in revenue caused by destroying a taxable industry. There was unmixed contempt, too, for the "miserable drunkards" whom the bill professed to protect, and, as one speaker phrased it, "he did not propose to sacrifice a great business interest simply to save some young sot from ruin, just because his 'daddy' had not taken care of him." But the prohibitory parsons were most severely overhauled, and their religious fanaticism was appropriately rebuked by a Baptist brother, who said he



had studied the Bible for years, and that "from lid to lid there was no passage forbidding the use of ardent spirits." According to one speaker, he had witnessed the degrading spectacle of a doctor sitting in front of his own drug-store and selling liquor by the pint, "without looking at a patient's tongue or feeling his pulse." And another told of a colony of Germans who would not settle in Halifax because they could not get their lager-beer. There was a general agreement that the curse of intemperance was on the wane, that the shutting off the liquor supply was the very thing to revive it, and that the "real representatives of the cause of temperance in North Carolina" were the members of the Convention.

The evident desire to prove that the prohibitory movement was a party, or at least a crafty political, measure did not succeed very well. Political it is, no doubt, but with what ulterior object, beyond that which it wears on its face, is not clear. The bill soon to be voted on was opposed, as it was carried, by both parties, and the minority was extremely small. The Democrats, as the dominant party, doubtless are more entitled to the credit of it than the Republicans; but the line was not drawn between them. Whether in the campaign of the next two months an effort will be made to identify the Republicans with the anti-prohibitionists remains to be seen, and a curious sight it will be, when we remember the traditional "rum Democracy" of the North. One wonders if the Massachusetts Senators could resist the temptation to back up "rum Republicans" with Federal patronage in the pursuit of a divided South. At all events, we advise Mr. Thomas N. Cooper, late chairman of the North Carolina Republican State Committee, who called the Raleigh convention to order, to put in a timely application for the Senate secretaryship, Riddleberger's "claim" having undoubtedly been vacated.

Mr. Blaine and Sir Edward Thornton have settled the Fortune Bay affair by the payment of \$75,000 by Great Britain as compensation for the outrages inflicted on American fishermen by the Newfoundlanders in 1878. The English press is very much dissatisfied with the result, and thinks that England always gets the worst of it in these disputes, forgetting the magnificent haul of \$5,000,000 under the Fishery Award, for which Americans maintain they got little or nothing in return. An agreement has likewise been made looking to the drafting of regulations preventing fishing in the close time, by which both Americans and Newfoundlanders will be governed.

We wish some wine-dealer would come out with a frank explanation of the failure of French wines to rise in price since 1875, and of the continued fulness of the supply. In 1875 France produced 78,205,000 hectolitres of wine. The decline then set in until, in 1879, she only produced 25,806,000, and in 1880 only 29,600,000—that is, considerably less than one-half of the maximum. We know, too, that the supply of the ordinary clarets has during these years fallen far short of meeting the home demand, and that she has imported heavily from Hungary, and Italy, and even from the United States. How is it that under these circumstances the price of French wines in this country has remained perfectly steady, and that anybody can have as much Bordeaux as he wants for just or very nearly what he paid in 1875? We have no doubt that any wine-merchant possessed of the literary faculty might convert the answer to this question into a very entertaining magazine article.

A complimentary dinner was given on Friday by the Ontario Press Association to Professor Goldwin Smith, in view of his departure for England. The Toronto *Globe* had expressed so much alarm lest this honor might be taken as a sign of the growth of the annexation doctrine which it charged Mr. Smith with propagating, that special manifestations of "loyalty" were made by the speakers who preceded and followed him. Mr. Smith himself insisted on the personal and non-political character of the occasion, and referred to his fifteen years of journalistic activity as his sole title to be feasted by a press association. He thought that during that period he had observed a very marked gain in force on the part of the local press, together with "a great development of opinion, which meant liberty of thought," to guard which was the first duty of the press. He announced his intention to return to Canada as the home "where his lot was cast, where he intended to spend his life,

where his duties and his interests were." The *Globe*, therefore, has but a temporary respite from its fears about the safety of the border so long as the editor of the *Bystander* continues to speak his mind monthly on topics domestic and foreign. What seems to irritate the paper especially is Mr. Smith's ability to indulge his fancy for independent journalism regardless of expense. The same outlay in yachting or on any other kind of purely personal gratification would have passed as natural and harmless; whereas a rich man's attempt to influence public opinion by not only paying the printer's bills, but furnishing the "copy," justifies the most dreadful suspicions in regard to him. As the *Globe* says: "Mr. Smith does not stick at trifles, and never hesitates to use his wealth for the furtherance of his political objects."

The English news relates almost wholly to Ireland. The contest between the Government and the Land League, or with the tenant-farmers, continues, with the advantages unquestionably on the side of the latter. Every eviction is made at immense cost of money and with the help of a strong force, and the arrests, which are growing numerous, seem in no way to damp the enthusiasm of the agitators. The police can obtain no conveyances for love or money, and the army ambulances and transport wagons have been brought into use for them, and the malcontents have introduced a novelty into warfare by letting loose a swarm of bees on the horses. A proclamation has now been issued warning the people that assemblages intended to obstruct the process of the law will be dispersed by force. But the only way to disperse a large crowd by force is to arrest it—for which, of course, there are never enough police or soldiers—or to fire on it, and the slaughter of unarmed men and women in this way would plunge the Ministry into troubles which would probably cause its downfall. A Liberal Government in England cannot administer martial law in Ireland with rigor or severity. The game of blocking up the roads, breaking down the bridges, and cutting the telegraph wires has now been begun, and it is likely to be very successful as a means of harassing the troops. In fact, the situation is one of the most puzzling with which any government has ever had to deal. It looks more and more as if the Ministry would have done well to dissolve Parliament and go to the country on the defeat of the Disturbance Bill by the Lords. The passage of some such measure stopping evictions, it now clearly appears, was absolutely necessary to the proper preparation and discussion of the permanent Land Bill. The accounts of Mr. Gladstone's health, too, become more and more alarming, and make his early removal to the House of Lords very probable. The Land Bill is making very slow progress in committee, and it is not likely to go faster as the later sections are reached.

The more that is known about the crisis in Bulgaria the more probable it seems that Prince Alexander's suspension of the constitution and dismal account of its working are simply the result of his own inexperience, and impatience, and ignorance. He is simply a young Prussian lieutenant of cavalry, and was selected for the throne because of his family connections, and to earn the good will of Germany. The constitution is too democratic to suit his tastes, and the task of making it work in spite of his tastes is beyond his power. Moreover, he has probably the secret support of Russia in trying to overturn it, the Bulgarian Parliament being just now a very inconvenient precedent for the Czar. The Prince's plan of calling a national convention is meeting with very violent opposition among the people, and it is by no means certain as yet that it will succeed. If it proves a failure he intends to abdicate, and would, it is said, like much to be back in Berlin among his old comrades.

From Russia and France there is nothing new. The whole energies of the Government in the former country are still concentrated on the task of keeping the Czar and his family from being blown up, and there are every day rumors of mines and subterranean galleries, and of arrests in connection with mines and galleries. It is probably the oddest problem of modern politics, and there is not the slightest sign that the Russian Government is mastering it. The Czar is now, except the Sultan, the only sovereign in the civilized world who is holding out for the old absolute monarchy of the last century. All the others have succumbed to the parliamentary system, and he will have to succumb, too, sooner or later.

## "POLITICS" AND BRIGANDAGE.

MR. WINDOM has been interviewed by one of our esteemed contemporaries in order to obtain his views on the probable result of the contest now pending at Albany. We are glad to find that, if correctly reported, he holds that Mr. Robertson's appointment to the Collectorship of the port will not in any event cause any change in the method of appointment or promotion in the subordinate offices of the Custom-house now in operation. We hope this expresses Judge Robertson's view also. The Chamber of Commerce of this city last week passed a resolution declaring that this method was of "substantial value to the mercantile community," and is in their eyes of "great importance"; and that "the interest of all doing business with the Custom-house" "demands its continuance and extension," as it has "resulted in more prompt and intelligent attention to the business both of the Government and the merchant." In other words, the merchants of New York do not approve of the use of the public service for "war" or "slaughter," or as a "tomahawk" or "scalping-knife." They do not think that when Judge Robertson comes into control he ought to begin to "decapitate" clerks because they are some one else's friends, or because they have not worked at primaries, or because they have not paid assessments, any more than one of the partners in a banking-house ought to begin to "slaughter" and "tomahawk" the employees when he finds himself left in charge by the departure of the other members of the firm for a trip in Europe. Judge Robertson will take charge of the Custom-house not as a Mandingo chief after a victory, but as a civilized trustee placed over a great business concern, which he is bound to administer faithfully, not for the benefit of any portion of the people, but for that of all taxpayers. The money he collects is the money of the people of the United States, and not of the Republican or any other party. It comes directly or indirectly out of the pockets of *all* who contribute to the support of the Government. Therefore, whatever he does to prevent any money from reaching the Treasury, either by diverting the attention of the employees from their duties, or tempting them to fraud and corruption by party levies on their salaries, which they cannot submit to without privation, or by shaking their confidence in the security of their tenure and thus diminishing their diligence, is in the nature of a fraud on the community. It will differ from a fraud of the same kind committed by the supposed member of the banking-house during the absence of his partners in Europe simply in the fact that there is no one person who will feel it sensibly, or will be authorized by law or usage to call him to account for it.

That Judge Robertson will have the support of the President in maintaining the system now in force we can hardly doubt. The President knows what the conditions of an efficient and honest civil service are, and has expounded them more than once in speech and in writing. His disregard of his own rules and recommendations in the case of Messrs. Robertson and Chandler was, we feel sure, due to a deep and perhaps morbid sense of the importance of "harmony," and he felt that in using the offices to promote harmony he was doing a little wrong in order to do a great right. But he now sees that "harmony" cannot be restored by means of offices, and that any attempt to restore it in this way only increases discord. He sees also that "discord" is not such a very dreadful thing as it seemed at Mentor, when he was in the first emotion of joy and gratitude over his nomination and election; that any man who means to administer a great government honestly must be prepared to meet it as one of the ordinary incidents of his business, just as a sailor meets storms and fogs. He sees, too, that men like Brady and Dorsey and "dear Hubbell," though they have during the excitement of a campaign an air of saving grace about them, are nevertheless very much to be distrusted, and that their tricks and dodges, and devices, and contributions are, after all, vanity and vexation of spirit; and that the only sure reliance of a Presidential candidate is in the honesty, good sense, and high moral ambition of the American people, who like a manly man, that will not whiffle, or quibble, or evade, and is not afraid to look them in the eye.

He must see, too, that the evil which he has himself so vigorously exposed both in Congress, before the Social Science Association, and in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is growing into a national disease, like brigandage in Greece and Macedonia, and must be stamped out if the Government

is to remain a civilized government. In those countries brigandage is now, we are told, carried on by joint-stock associations with assessable shares. The capital goes into arms and accoutrements, and the employment of spies, and the preparation of dens and caves. Persons can take shares without actually joining the band, and dividends are paid out of the ransoms of the victims, and assessments are levied on the stock during bad times when the receipts do not meet the operating expenses. Of course the state of public feeling which makes the existence of such associations possible, and which makes the position of a stockholder not incompatible with a lively and demonstrative piety, is a morbid state. In this country every man sees the monstrosity of such schemes for attacks on private property, but with regard to that portion of the revenue of the Government which is paid in salaries there are signs of a moral perversion almost as great among a large class. What other inference can one draw from such utterances as the following from the letter of a Republican Secretary of Committee to the coroner of Chester Co., Pa.?

"Allow me to add, when conveying to you this painful intelligence, the high appreciation I entertain for you personally and for your discharge of the duties incumbent upon you as a public officer, to express to you the deep regret which I, together with the larger portion of the committee, felt on learning that one so intelligent, so patriotic, and so loyal had lost sight of the one great leading and fundamental principle of our free institutions, viz.: To the victors belong the spoils, etc. This maxim, which is graven on the hearts of every member of the committee, we had hoped, when you received the flattering endorsement of our suffrages, was likewise engraven on your own, and would be the Polar Star in the distribution of your large and lucrative patronage.

"To deprive your friends and the party you represent of the benefits of coronial patronage alienates the former and tends to destroy the peace, good order, and dignity of the latter.

"Permit me to suggest that, when obeying the behests of the committee, you confine your removals not to the deputy at Coatesville alone, but, taking a broader and more statesmanlike view of the case, you make it include all of the opposite party in your employ, be they deputies or surgeons."

Whichever way we turn, we find all over the country that any man who is called on by the taxpayers to enter on any work of reform, whether philanthropic, political, social, or financial, finds "politics," which is our name for brigandage, barring his efforts. As soon as he leaves his own house the brigands seize him, carry him into the mountains, and hold him till he either ransoms himself or agrees to resign. They have just elected a new reform Mayor in Philadelphia, and his printed inaugural address lies before us. He declares that he finds "the police" are in "politics," and that, consequently, when "votes are to be secured the laws and ordinances are disregarded, and known and open violators of the most salutary laws go free and unpunished." Moreover, the brigands levy assessments on the police force for political purposes, and he means to stop this too. The Board of Guardians of the Poor, he hints, is in "politics," and so are the Trustees of the Gas-works, and so is the Fire Department. In every city in the Union we find the ordinary business of life carried on by the bulk of the population with fair integrity, industry, and fidelity to engagements; but as soon as we turn to the public business we find it surrounded by a large force of adventurers maintaining stoutly that to this the ordinary rules of Christian morality do not apply; that here the principle of brigandage comes in, and that "the boys" who like better to be out on the mountains and carrying a rifle than hoeing in a field or spinning in a mill, ought to have a chance at the funds. President Garfield is not only a noted civil-service reformer but a religious man, and, we believe, has officiated as a minister of his own denomination. He must feel, therefore, the liveliest interest in having the great public offices of the nation maintained in such a way as to furnish the same lessons in social morality which well-conducted private offices afford. Among these lessons are: (1) That a good education and a good character are the best equipment for an American youth's start in life; (2) that, when the youth has obtained employment, the best modes of keeping it are honesty, industry, and fidelity; (3) that his salary being paid as the equivalent of the labor, he ought, if it is more than he needs for his daily wants, to save the remainder in order to provide for sickness and misfortune, or as capital for another step in life, and ought not to give it away for any but charitable or religious purposes; and even in these cases ought



not to allow the charitable and religious collector to "assess" a certain sum on his income, that being a duty imposed on his own conscience, and not assignable.

We are quite sure these are the doctrines of the Campbellites, as they are of every other Christian denomination; and they are, of course, just as applicable to the custom-house clerk as to the banker's clerk. President Garfield knows very well that in the forum of morals there is no difference between threatening a man with the loss of his situation if he does not give you money he does not owe you, and carrying him off to a cave and threatening his life unless his friends send a ransom. The latter argues greater political disorder in the country in which it is perpetrated, but in a Christian church this distinction is of no importance.

#### THE NEW AND OLD VERSIONS.

THERE is no more interesting passage in Professor Green's 'History of the English People' than that in which he describes the effect of the translated Bible in transforming the gay and light-hearted England of the Renaissance, the England of Shakspeare and Elizabeth, into the austere and serious-minded England of the Puritans—the England of Milton and Cromwell. But the Bible in that day had the field of popular reading all to itself. It may be said to have been the first book which ever reached the English people, and it came to them, as it were, out of the thick darkness of the Middle Ages, and with all the effect of a new deliverance of the Law from the very hand of the Almighty. It is not surprising that it should have for a whole century changed the current of the national history, and have introduced into the English world the new and marvellous force called Puritanism, which has left so deep an impress both on the character and politics of the Anglo-Saxon race. It was all the more powerful in its influence on the popular mind from its reaching it but gradually and what we in these days should consider very slowly. Books were dear, and the art of reading was comparatively rare. But, on the other hand, there were no critics or cavillers. The scholars were all divines and thorough believers, and wherever the Bible went it found no rivals. It had behind it also that reverence for the printed word which has survived among the peasantry in most European countries to our own time. It is only within the memory of the present generation that the argument that one "had seen it in a book" ceased to be conclusive among unlettered folk in England. The new Bible came into a world, too, in which signs and wonders still supplied much of the terror and comfort of life, and in which miracles did not seem very miraculous, and in which the Copernican system had not reached the masses, and in which authority still supplied the standards and tests of conduct. Everything, in fact, was favorable to the literal acceptance of the work of the translators, and to the success of that very curious practice into which the ministers soon fell, of taking verses or clauses of verses containing any sort of proposition, or even ejaculation, and making them "the text" or subject of a long discourse, in which a great variety of suggestions and principles were ingeniously extracted from them. The worship of the Book—for so it may be called—spread into other Protestant countries, and prevailed for a time among the French and Swiss and Germans of the new faith, but with very little of the fervor which marked it in England and afterwards in America. It became in the Anglo-Saxon communities not only a history of the Christian religion and a revelation of the Divine will, but the great comforter in every kind of affliction. Chance openings of it often supplied the solution of puzzling cases of conscience or guidance in perplexing circumstances of practical life. It often stopped bullets in battle even when carried unwillingly in the pockets of unregenerate soldiers. It became the first permanent family register of marriages and births and deaths. It succeeded the Latin authors as the great storehouse of quotation and illustration when plain men began to write and make speeches, as representative government rose on the ruins of feudalism. Hostility to it was during two centuries much the same mark of reaction and obscurantism that hostility to the newspaper press is in our day. It furnished the New-Englanders not exactly with a framework of government, but with principles of government which lasted almost to our own time. In fact, even from the point of view of those who

deny it a supernatural origin, its success has been one of the most extraordinary phenomena of modern history. There has been no island of the sea so remote, and no forest so deep, as not to have been reached by the English Bible, for the comfort or distraction or elevation of some colonist or wanderer or outcast. King James's Company of translators performed the greatest literary feat the world has ever seen.

The reception of the new and revised edition which has just been issued is mainly important as furnishing a test of the effect of the decline of faith during the last forty years on the place of the Bible in popular estimation in the English-speaking countries. The enormous sale of it—something wonderful even in this age of enormous sales—is, at all events, the sign of an immense curiosity. There was a widespread expectation that it would put a different face on a great many articles of faith, that it would force theologians to modify a good many of their positions which the assaults of hostile criticism were every day making less tenable, or, in other words, would furnish a Bible suited to the science and morals and politics of our day, as the old one was to the science and morals and politics of its day. It is plain enough that this expectation has been measurably satisfied. As far as our observation has gone, the new translation has been either sternly rejected or received with apology and resignation by the orthodox denominations. In England the High-Church dignitaries are fighting very shy of it. The English press is denouncing it a good deal, but chiefly because it is considered injurious to a very beautiful piece of old English literature. The argument that it is destructive of tender and hallowed associations is a purely literary argument, and evidently comes from men who are more concerned about form than matter. The only rejoicing over it as a theological triumph is heard from the Unitarians, who have no difficulty in citing a long list of changes which accrue to their benefit. Then it must be confessed that the very great publicity given to the sources of the text of the New Testament and the half-dozen imperfect manuscripts, mostly of unknown origin—none dating from much less than four centuries after Christ, a period equal to that which separates us from the Wars of the Roses and the fall of Constantinople—is not calculated to strengthen the popular faith in the authenticity of the book as revelation. King James's translators had no such difficulty to contend with. The sources of their perplexity as scholars were not published far and wide, and were not examined and commented on by malevolent critics. The very frankness with which the differences of opinion that have revealed themselves between the translators of the new version are spread out on the record in marginal annotations and appendices, is likely to diminish the weight of the triumphant renderings. It is a sort of laying bare of the *arcana imperii* such as has never yet been made in religious history, and its effect can hardly but be injurious to the authority of the Scriptures. Ecclesiastical opponents, too, are indulging in the somewhat suicidal course of assailing the reputation of the revising Company on both sides of the water as scholars, and of pointing out how many as good or better critics did not share their labors and probably dissent from their conclusions. This, if true, must, of course, diminish popular reverence for King James's version also, because if great questions of faith are to be settled by verbal criticism there can be no doubt that even the mediocre scholars of our day are better equipped for such work than King James's divines were.

In fact, it is difficult to see in what way the new version strengthens the hold of Christianity on the popular mind, either in England or America. The very discussions which it is provoking are revealing differences of opinion between ministers and churches which are not edifying, and which are likely to become more and more acrimonious as the struggle between the two versions for acceptance in the various denominations goes on. Of the gain to mere literature there can be no question. If correctness of translation be of any value either to narrative, or exhortation, or exposition, or poetry, the new version is almost certainly an advance on its predecessor. As to the loss of certain familiar phrases, of which much complaint is made, it must be remembered that this is a loss which will be only felt by this generation, and that what we now lament as old and hallowed was new and strange to the ears on which it first fell. Even if the changes are as numerous as is alleged, most of them are trifling, and the whole put together will make no perceptible difference in what may be called the ring of Scriptural

phraseology. Both the Old and New Testaments are still, and will probably always remain, the most moving English ever written. Its beauty as English is, to a certain degree, lost on most of us by familiarity with it at an age when style is still an unfelt force. Probably those only can appreciate it thoroughly who take up the Bible for the first time after reaching mental maturity. So that it may be said that the less the English Bible is used as a religious text-book the stronger is its hold likely to be on the popular mind as a great literary monument. There is no chord in the human heart which it has not touched, and will not touch to all time. There are passages which "beat to battle" like a drum, and others, again, which flash kindly light over the most hopeless misery and weariness.

#### ENGLAND AND TUNIS.

LONDON, May 20, 1881.

THE Conservative party have made their choice of a leader, and at a meeting of peers held a few days ago it was announced to have fallen upon Lord Salisbury. Many stories are current as to the secret intrigues which have led to this result, but it is sufficient to indicate the main causes that were at work and the consequences which the selection is likely to have. The difficulties of appointing a chief for the party in both houses of Parliament and in the country were so great that it was decided to choose a leader for the House of Lords only, and leave to the logic of events or to the summons of the Crown to determine who should ultimately take the supreme authority in the whole party. Thus Sir Stafford Northcote's claims were disposed of without being rejected. Then Lord Cairns was set aside, partly from the natural jealousy which the Peers feel towards a new man who made his way as a lawyer, partly because he is a very pronounced Low-Churchman; and the High-Church section of the party, influential by its activity even more than by its numbers, refused to follow him, thinking that if he came into power as prime minister he would exercise his church patronage, and especially the right of nominating bishops, to their prejudice. This is a curious instance of the way in which our ecclesiastical questions affect politics, determining men's sympathies even when no precise issue has arisen on which a decision is required. The choice then lay between the Duke of Richmond and Lord Salisbury. The latter is unquestionably the abler man of the two—not, perhaps, the wiser, but possessed of more showy gifts, of greater energy, and much better known to the whole country. He had played a far more conspicuous part in the late Tory Government, and is credited by a more genuine ardor for the distinctive principles of the party—resistance to changes in the distribution of political power, the maintenance of the authority of the House of Lords, and an energetic—not to say aggressive—foreign policy. Thus his selection is looked upon as a triumph for what the Liberals call Jingoism, as an evidence that the tendencies which appeared in the Afghan and Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield are still in the ascendant among the Tories. The very fact that Lord Salisbury had drawn on himself so much of the hatred of the Liberals, that he had been so constantly attacked by them as the representative of what they most disliked in the recent developments of Toryism, commended him to the more vehement spirits in his own camp. There is, therefore, every reason to expect a period of continued bitterness in our political struggles, an uncompromising defence of aristocratic privileges and the "rights of property," and especially a bold advocacy of the right and duty of England to interfere actively in the affairs of the Continent of Europe.

Those affairs continue to wear a disquieting aspect. Just when the question of the Greek frontier seemed to be approaching a solution, for it cannot be said to have reached that solution until the cession of territory has been actually accomplished, a new source of danger arose in the French expedition against Tunis, which so speedily resulted in the submission of the Bey and the establishment of the protectorate of France over his territories. On the motives of France nothing need be said here: probably your readers understand them as well as we do. But the result has been to excite angry feelings in Turkey, and to throw the Sultan even more into the arms of Austria and Germany than before, and to make him no doubt less disposed to comply with the demands which the six Powers have still to make for the execution of the remaining articles of the Treaty of Berlin. The irritation in Italy has been such as to cause the fall of a ministry, and may probably produce a lasting coolness, not to say enmity, between her and France. She conceives herself menaced by the establishment of French dominion and a basis of French naval operations within so short a distance of Sicily, and she has, strange to say, a sentimental idea that Tunis ought to belong to her, because the conquest of Carthage was one of the first and greatest exploits of Rome. This alienation of Italy from France may have very important effects in disturbing the existing relations and harmonious action of the great Powers. Here, in England, public feeling has been much less moved, yet somewhat dis-

quieted. There are certain newspapers and politicians who conceive British interests to be endangered by the establishment of France in a strong position in the centre of the southern coast of the Mediterranean, just where a comparatively narrow channel connects its eastern and western expanses, and not very far from our great naval fortress of Malta. This, it is said, will constitute a menace to the highway to India; will render our position in the Mediterranean no longer one of supremacy; will place Malta itself in danger. In Tunisian territory, at a place called Biserta, near the angle of the African coast, there is a large inlet which is capable with some expenditure, variously estimated at a few hundreds of thousands or a few millions of pounds, of being rendered an impregnable harbor and arsenal. It is suggested that France will forthwith spend the requisite money and gain a position from which she could not easily be dislodged, and whence she would, in case of war, be able to annoy us almost with impunity. This line of argument was actively taken up in the Conservative press and House of Commons. Reproaches were levelled against the Government for its apparent apathy in not interfering, in standing quietly by while France violated, it was said, the public law of Europe, deprived the Sultan of a dependent state, and settled herself in a place where she could seriously injure us. The military and naval world began to catch fire; there was a revival of the spirit we had been so familiar with during the early stages of the Afghan war.

Mr. Gladstone's Ministry refused to give any answer or express any opinion on the matter until they could produce the various despatches and other diplomatic communications relating to the conduct of France, and asked to have the discussion put off and judgment suspended till after these should have been printed. During the last few days the papers have been appearing at intervals, and have suddenly changed the whole face of the question. They show that in 1878, at the time of the Congress of Berlin, various conversations took place between Lord Salisbury, who was then our Minister of Foreign Affairs, and M. Waddington, who represented France at the Congress. Tunis, and French claims or designs on it, came up for discussion. Lord Salisbury declared that England had no interest in the matter, certainly none which could interfere with the plans of France. Italy might have, he said, and he did not profess to answer for her feelings. But so far as England was concerned, a French protectorate was unobjectionable, and if France were even to think of annexing Tunis, why should she not? It would be a good thing for the people. M. Waddington afterwards in correspondence referred to these declarations, and Lord Salisbury, though his despatch softens them off a little, substantially admits the accuracy of the French version. The revelation at this crisis of the language held by the English Foreign Minister, now leader of the Conservative party, three years ago, when England was supposed to have been at the highest point of her European prestige, has signally affected public opinion. It has shown how difficult it would be for the present Government to oppose the action of France, since the latter can at once silence us by pointing to the sanction which Lord Salisbury gave to her designs. (We are, of course, obliged to accept the principle of continuity in our dealings with foreign states, and to hold ourselves bound by previous declarations of our ministers, even when we disapprove them.) And it has also proved that the late Government, with Lord Beaconsfield at its head, did not think a French occupation of Tunis to be a matter which touched our interests or need cause us any uneasiness. Now, inasmuch as the late Government was exceptionally alive to British interests and British honor, their deliberate conclusion that North Africa was indifferent to us gives some reason to doubt the soundness of the view now put forward as to the significance of the French movement. Lord Salisbury's reputation for foresight has, no doubt, suffered a further shock; but the result is, and probably the result would in any event have been, that England abandons all idea of active interference. France has been told that we do not like either the arrangements she has made or the violent way in which she has made them; but the matter is one far too small for war, or even for a diplomatic rupture. It may cause some coolness, but the most serious result is the distrust with which it has inspired people as to the character of the policy of the Republic. The party in England which chiefly sympathizes with republicanism had persuaded itself (on slender grounds, no doubt) that France had bidden a long farewell to the aggressive militarism of the Second Empire, and was bent solely on the peaceful development of her internal resources. An expedition to chastise the Kroumirs would have been natural enough, but now that it has become plain that the Kroumirs were a mere pretext, and that the object of French policy was to obtain such a supremacy over Tunis as would exclude Italian influence, and virtually annex this rich and well-placed territory to Algeria, the resemblance to our unfortunate attack upon Afghanistan strikes everybody, and, while it makes us feel that we cannot cast stones at France, shows us also that a republic need not be any more moderate or scrupulous than the aristocratic party in our own country showed itself when, three years ago, it launched the Afghan war. Of course those who have watched the question know how sensitive the French have long been upon the subject of Tunis, and how great was the temptation to possess themselves of terri-



tories so desirable and so defenceless. The thing was sure to come. But it is another sign of the restlessness of the military Powers, and adds, by estranging Italy, another element of danger to the European situation.

After a debate of four weeks, two nights in each week, or eight nights altogether—a debate redeemed from dullness only by a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, delivered on the seventh night—the House of Commons has just divided on the Irish Land Bill, and carried it by a majority of two to one. The result surprised everybody, for though it was known that most Liberals and some Conservatives would vote for it, no such overwhelming victory was predicted. Even two hours before the division people talked of a majority of 110 or 120, or 140 at the highest, and when it was known that the majority had reached 176 the cheering was endless. How this result came about, and what are now the prospects of the bill, are matters which must be reserved for another letter. Its passing is by no means assured, so many and so various are the dislikes felt to it by the extreme Irish party, led by Mr. Parnell, as well as by the Tories. All Mr. Gladstone's skill will be needed to steer it through the rocks and shoals that lie round its course, and unfortunately his health has been lately disturbed by attacks, slight in themselves, but sufficient to cause uneasiness in the case of a man who has entered his seventy-second year, and who does not seem to know how to spare himself and reserve his strength for great occasions only. Y.

#### AN AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

ROME, May 1, 1881.

AS there has recently been some talk of establishing at Athens or Smyrna an American Institute for the training of archæologists and as a permanent committee for archæological research and correspondence, will you allow me, who am deeply interested in the matter and believe it to be of prime importance for the future of classical scholarship in our country, to give a very brief account of the archæological institutes already established by other countries with like aims? These institutes are two, the German *Institut für archæologische Correspondenz*, whose seat is at Rome with a branch in Athens, and the *École Française d'Athènes*, which has a branch in Rome. I will speak of them in order.

1. Founded in 1829 as a private society, and under the auspices of the Crown-Prince Frederick William of Prussia, by Blacas, Bunsen, Fea, Gerhard, Kestner, Millingen, Nibby, Panofka, Thorwaldsen, and Welcker, the Institute, in spite of its originally very cosmopolitan constitution, gradually gravitated toward Prussia, and when, in 1871, that country took the lead in Germany, it was formally adopted as an institute of the Empire. It then received a constitution, of which the following is a brief abstract: The purpose of the Institute, which has its domicile in Berlin and its permanent abodes at Rome and Athens, is, in matters of archæology and philology, to keep alive and regulate the relations between learned investigation and the ancient seats of art and science, and to publish as rapidly and fully as possible all new discoveries of remains of the Hellenic world. It is a corporation and has a private seal. Its direction is entrusted to a board, which holds its meetings in Berlin, and consists of eleven life members, of whom five are regular members of the Royal Prussian Academy of Sciences, chosen by the philologico-historical class, two residents of Berlin not belonging to said Academy, and four residents of other parts of Germany. The board chooses its own president, who has the privilege of a casting vote. It is also the legal representative of the Institute. The duties of the Board of Directors are: 1, to nominate to the Emperor persons proper to fill offices of secretaries in the institutes at Rome and Athens; 2, to provide for all extraordinary publications; 3, to take charge of the library and the regular publications of the institutes at Rome and Athens, and to send thither all necessary instructions; 4, to confer diplomas; 5, to assign scholarships; 6, to examine the publications of the Roman and Athenian institutes, and lay them before the Secretary for Foreign Affairs; 7, to make reports to the Royal Academy of Sciences, which, when called upon, is ready to make proposals and tender advice. The duties of the secretaries, who are imperial officials, and of whom the Institute at Rome has two, that at Athens one, are: 1, to edit the publications of their respective institutes; 2, to make all necessary arrangements with Greek and Roman publishers and booksellers; 3, to give advice to the home board of directors in regard to the conferring of diplomas and the disposition to be made of the reserve fund of the Institute; 4, to report, before the first of February of each year, the work accomplished by the Institute in the previous year; 5, to call regular meetings of their respective institutes once a week throughout the winter, and special meetings on Winkelmann's birthday and the day of Rome's foundation, and also to provide for lectures to be read at the same; 6, to aid all Germans studying in Rome and Athens in deriving proper benefit from all the museums and antiquities in these cities; 7, to manage the finances of their institutes, as well as the library and all apparatus belonging to them.

The Institute publishes in Berlin an archæological journal (*Archæologische Zeitung*) and appoints its editor. It also confers, through its Board of Direc-

tors, diplomas of three grades—honorary, regular, and corresponding membership. The library of the Institute, both at Rome and Athens, is open, free of charge, to all scholars and artists who come properly recommended. A sum of money is annually set apart for the purchase of books, and this is expended by the resident secretaries according to their own pleasure. The apparatus of the Institute is under the charge of the secretaries, who are bound to make it as useful as possible to all scholars desiring to use it. Journeys are undertaken by members of the Institute, and sums of money are set apart for that purpose. Longer and more important journeys have to receive the sanction of the Board of Directors.

The property of the Institute consists of library, apparatus, furniture, a fund contributed by the state, the stock of publications, and a reserve fund. This last is employed for special purposes—excavations and the like—and is usually expended in accordance with the suggestions of the Roman and Athenian secretaries. Sums given or bequeathed to the Institute are applied in accordance with the resolutions of the Board of Directors. In order to impart life and reality to archæological study, and to train professors for universities as well as directors for museums and the Institute itself, there are five travelling scholarships of the annual value of 3,000 marks each. Candidates for these must have taken a university degree three years before they can be appointed, and must show that they are prepared to undertake the work expected of them. Their applications must be accompanied with copies of all their previously written works. Their duties are, during their stay in Rome or Athens, to attend all the meetings of the Institute, and at the end of the year to send to the Board of Directors a full report of what they have accomplished.

2. The French School, which was founded in 1846, and which for the last few years has had a branch in Rome, is under the authority of the Minister of Public Instruction, the patronage of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the scientific direction of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres. It is managed by a director, who must be either a member of the French Institute or a superior functionary of public instruction, and who is appointed by a decree for a term of six years. Candidates for appointment as members of the School must be under thirty years of age, and either doctors of literature or *agrégés* of literature, grammar, philosophy, and history. They are examined in Greek, ancient and modern, the elements of epigraphy, palæography, and archæology, and in the history and geography of ancient Greece and Italy. Drawing is also taken into consideration. This examination, which is partly oral and partly written, is conducted by a committee of seven persons appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction, in accordance with a programme prepared by the Academy. The members of the School are appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction, in accordance with the result of this examination; their number is six, and their mission lasts three years, one of which is spent in Rome. Every member of the School of Athens is bound to send to the Academy, through the Minister of Public Instruction, before the end of each year, an original memoir, to be submitted to the judgment of a special commission, which judgment is communicated to the Academy and published in its annual report. The Academy at its annual meeting announces the subjects for researches and memoirs which it has recommended to the School for the coming year. The members of the School, through the medium of their director, report to the Academy all archæological discoveries they make or hear of, and the memoirs written by them are published by the Minister of Public Instruction on the recommendation of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres.

It will be seen from what has been said that the two institutions, though differing considerably in form of government, have practically the same aim and the same modes of working. Both are represented by schools in Athens and Rome; both are under the direction of a home committee of scholars, and enjoy the patronage and support of the Governments of the countries to which they respectively belong; both send out young men, thoroughly prepared and examined and provided with scholarships; both demand from the young men original work; both have provisions for making original researches and, if need be, excavations; both are instruments in the hands of the most learned society in either country.

The question now arises: How far can or should we adopt the means which France and Germany, the two nations especially devoted to archæological research, have found most serviceable? It appears to me that only one answer is possible. We ought to adopt them as far as circumstances will allow. From want of museums and native archæologists we have thus far been obliged to depend for our knowledge of archæology mostly upon books, which knowledge, consequently, has been deficient in direct, living interest. It is unfortunate, moreover, that we have been obliged to adopt so many conclusions in history and archæology from the Germans, who, with all their wonderful patience and power of research, are very frequently most untrustworthy in their conclusions. In order to free ourselves from the bad results of their rash methods, we must send our young archæologists to live in the native lands of ancient art, to see its products with their own eyes, and to judge of them with their own faculties. For this end the most obvious provision would be the

establishment in these lands of an archaeological institute, similar to those of France and Germany. Inasmuch, however, as it could not, like them, easily be connected with the Government, it must be a matter of private enterprise. It ought, on the other hand, like them, to be an instrument in the hands of the most learned society or societies in the country. Perhaps a feasible programme for such a school would be the following: That the institution should be called the *American Archaeological School*, and have its seat at Smyrna; that it should have its domicile in Washington or New York, and be managed by a home board of directors composed of men closely connected with the leading universities, museums, and societies of architects; that this board should be self-recruiting; that it should manage all the financial affairs of the school, determine all the tasks to be undertaken by it, examine all candidates for membership, and receive, examine, and, if they see fit, publish all memoirs presented by members; that the leading institutions of learning in the country should be asked to confer, once in one or two years, a scholarship upon one of their most promising classical honor men, with the condition that he should take advantage of the school and conform to the regulations of the board of directors; that the school should be presided over by a first secretary, who should be well versed in Greek, ancient and modern, Greek history, epigraphy, and archaeology, assisted by a second secretary, who should be an architect and draughtsman; that these secretaries, besides managing the school, its library and apparatus, should give all needful instruction to the younger members, superintend all undertakings entrusted to the school, purchase antiquities for museums at home, and publish a quarterly archaeological journal; that each student of the school should be bound at the end of each year to lay before the board of directors, through the first secretary, an original memoir on some archaeological subject, or subject thereto closely related; that he should acquire a fluent use of modern Greek, and, in connection with all tasks undertaken by the school—excavations and the like—perform the work assigned to him; that the school, as a whole, should be a standing committee of research and excavation, working under the direction of the home board.

Considering the enormous advantages which France\* and Germany have derived from their archaeological schools, I cannot but believe that a plan something like the above would lead to most desirable results. It would supply the materials and opportunities for archaeological study; it would educate persons to make use of these; it would afford a chance for original investigations and excavations; it would give museums and private persons with means an opportunity to carry out special researches and obtain antiquities, and, finally, it would gradually create a public interest in archaeology.

As to the cost of such an institution, after thoroughly examining the question in connection with the French and German schools in Athens, I find that there would be required \$5,000 at the start to lay the foundation of a library and obtain the most necessary apparatus, and about \$6,000 a year afterwards—\$2,000 as salary to a first secretary, \$1,500 as salary to a second secretary, \$1,000 for house-rent, and \$1,500 for library, apparatus, and printing. All excavations, etc., would have to be paid for out of a fund derived from gifts, bequests, or sums given by museums or private individuals for special purposes. The secretaries and other members of the school ought to have their rooms free, but find their own furniture and board. In the French School at Athens all the students take their meals in the building, hiring their own cook and waiter; those of the German Institute board outside. The former plan is preferable.

It may be asked, Why establish your school at Smyrna, and not in Athens? The reasons are various, but the most important are, that the country around Smyrna offers a much more promising field of research than that near Athens, or, indeed, than any part of Greece; and that Asia Minor, being still in Turkish hands, we should be able to obtain for our museums a part, at least, of the antiquities we might discover. One of the scholars who superintended the recent most successful excavations at Pergamon says: "What an endless field, virgin and uncultivated, does Asia Minor offer to our investigators and scholars! Wherever the peasant puts his plough into the soil, wherever after a shower the village children search in an old ruin, there are found relics of the old world, which thus appear only to disappear again for ever. Of the interior of the country scarcely anything is known. In Greek Asia Minor we could fill museums." In truth, Smyrna is the spot where could be studied with greatest advantage the relations, historical, political, literary, philosophic, and artistic, between Greece and the Orient. Sardis alone would, if excavated, solve more problems than Nineveh, Babylon, or Thebes. It was there, in the Lydian capital, that East and West met and influenced each other. There lies the key to many a dark problem in Greek mythology and art, and, in all likelihood, also to the whole great question of Etruscan civilization; for, not only the direct testimony of Herodotus, but likewise every fact we know about them, proves the Etruscans to have been emigrants

from that region. The great Lydian civilization is thus far a book with seven seals, and yet it is by no means improbable that both Homer and the heroes whom he celebrates belonged to it.

In conclusion, let me say that, in my opinion, it would be well to establish the proposed school, first tentatively for five years, and then, if it proved a success, to erect a permanent building, and raise a fund sufficient to place the institution upon a firm footing. A building would probably cost from eight to ten thousand dollars (the French school at Athens cost \$8,000), and a fund of \$150,000 would, I believe, meet all further requirements.

THOMAS DAVIDSON.

## Correspondence.

### THE BESSEMER STEEL MONOPOLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the reply of "E. C. F." to my communication on the Bessemer steel-rail question he states that my doubly-protected monopoly is a "myth," and that "the manufacture of Bessemer steel is as free in the United States as the manufacture of cotton cloth." If such is the case it must be either that there never were any patents covering the industry, or that such patents have expired. We can dismiss the first supposition at once. The second one "E. C. F." evidently wishes the reader to infer, but he is guilty of disingenuousness in giving a very meagre amount of information in the case he quotes, and in giving that little so as to lead the reader to draw an incorrect inference. If I may again trespass on your space I will add a few lines to what I have already said.

The generic term Bessemer steel denotes a steel made essentially by blowing air through molten pig-iron, in a vessel called a converter. In addition to the original patents a number of others have been taken out by Bessemer, Holley, Thomas, and others, covering the buildings, machinery, and modifications of the process, all or nearly all of which have been secured by the Pneumatic Association. But a few months have passed since it paid Thomas and his associates \$275,000 for what is known as the "basic process," by means of which ordinary pig-irons made from the general run of ores can be made into Bessemer steel. Before this process was invented only pig-irons made from ores of exceptional purity—and therefore comparatively scarce—could be used. It is well understood that the Pneumatic Association does not intend to issue licenses under this patent for any royalty it would be possible to pay; and this same policy it has pursued with all its patents, so that it has completely and absolutely controlled the domestic manufacture of Bessemer steel rails. But some of the original patents having very recently expired, the Pittsburgh Bessemer Steel Company have been able to commence this spring the manufacture of Bessemer steel rails. When I wrote I knew this company had started, but supposed it was making Bessemer blooms only, as the Directory of the Iron and Steel Association for 1880 stated the works were building and the product would be Bessemer blooms; and in the recent notices I saw of the works having commenced operations no allusions were made to steel rails being produced.

But, after all, wherein are the merits of the case at all affected? It is undeniable that the Pneumatic Association have entirely controlled this industry for a term of years up to a very recent date, and at present still cover most of the ground by existing patents, so that the business is by no means open to all.

The wrong, however, is not on this side of the question. The ownership of the patents carries the right to grant licenses on such terms as the owners see fit, or not to grant them at all. But after having had ample protection under patents which have proved exceptionally profitable, the imposition in addition of a tariff which amounts at the present writing to almost 100 per cent. is certainly a monstrous abuse. I compared the duty on steel rails with that on iron ore to show the gross inequalities of the tariff—the doubly protected finished product getting a duty of nearly 100 per cent. and the raw material but 20 per cent. But the steel ring buys ore while it sells Bessemer rails. One would suppose that their disinterested love for American labor and their extreme anxiety to provide a home market for the American farmer, which these highly-favored gentlemen have so often proclaimed, would lead them, for the sake of principle, to patronize domestic ore dug by home labor, to the entire exclusion of the slightly cheaper foreign article dug by pauper labor. But consistency does not seem to be one of their many virtues.

While not essaying to give technical instruction, I believe I have stated the case fairly, and that "my facts" are substantially correct. If "E. C. F." needs further information I shall be happy to give it to him privately, as I have already occupied too much of your space; but I will assume he bears such a relation to one of these eleven favored corporations as to make it unnecessary.—Yours truly,

COMO.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., June 3, 1881.

\* Rev. W. Wolfe Capes, in an article on the *Ecole Française in Frazer's Magazine*, says: "We shall find upon its roll the names of nearly all the French authors who have since done anything for classical antiquities or art. MM. Fustel de Coulanges, Perrot, Foucart, Dumont, Wescher, Heuzey, Burnouf, Gebhart passed a year or two as members of the School." The above list could easily be added to.



## ASSYRIAN INTERPRETATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the article in the *Nation* of April 28, upon English Assyriological studies, I find a criticism on Mr. Budge's preface to his 'History of Esarhadon,' in which allusion is made to his copying from Smith's 'Assurbanipal' the account given of the subjugation of Tirhakah, and to his following Smith even in some of his mistakes. An instance given is the translation of a certain phrase ('A. surb.,' p. 17, line 2), "I was walking," instead of "by a long journey." But neither version is correct. Smith translates: "I was walking round (*al-la-ku ha-an-tu*) in the midst of Nineveh." To make *ha-an-tu* mean "round" is evidently only a guess. It does not seem to be much better with the other explanation. The word in question means swift, rapid. It occurs besides in Smith's 'Assurb.,' 157, 2 (where one of the syllable-signs is wrongly transcribed), the true translation there being, "with the blade of the swift sword . . . I will destroy their lives"; also 'Assurb.,' 18, 7, where we should render, "for the speedy succor . . . I went down"; also in 'Assurb.,' 38, 8, in an adverbial form, "speedily they marched down." The form *hantu* is for *hamtu*, and the Semitic root *h-m-t* means "to hasten," as Pratorius has shown in the *Zeitschrift d. deutschen Morg. Ges.*, xxviii. 88 f. I take the liberty of making these observations as there is no complete Assyrian dictionary to which students can appeal. Norris (ii. p. 421) has but one citation for the word, which he translates "powerful."

J. F. MCCURDY.

PRINCETON, N. J., May 4, 1881.

[The translation suggested for *hantu* is plausible, and is supported by the authority of Lenormant, who translates the passage cited from Smith's 'Assurbanipal,' p. 157, line 2, "swift sword," as does Professor McCurdy, and who also refers the word to the root *h-m-t*. See 'Études sur quelques parties des syllabaires cunéiformes,' p. 161, cf. p. 238. To the same root might be referred the word *hitmudis*, Smith's 'Sennacherib,' p. 132, line 9.—ED. NATION.]

## THE DECLINE OF CULTURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your last number of the *Nation* (831) I notice a letter in which attention is called to the decline of culture, and it is asserted, "That the number of those persons who may fairly be called well-informed, well-read, etc., is fast decreasing, is shown most conclusively by the state of the book-market and by the reports of the public libraries." If the better class of magazines "have actually disappeared from the market," I do not see that it follows that they are less read; they are invariably to be found at all reading-rooms and public libraries, where they are much sought. Is not the disappearance from the market to be attributed to the largely increased number of institutions which make publications of this kind freely accessible, rather than to any falling off in the number of readers; may there not even be an increase in the number of readers notwithstanding the diminished market? As regards books on political economy, finance, and statistics, those, too, are accessible through the libraries, and I find no proof that the interest in this class of subjects has diminished; on the contrary, the establishment of societies for propagating knowledge on these subjects would seem to indicate that it has increased. It seems to me, therefore, that the foregoing premises hardly justify so mournful a conclusion as that of the decline of culture, and that so sweeping a statement is hardly warranted by the facts. S. M.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1881.

## 'THE YOUNG NIMRODS.'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A review of 'The Young Nimrods in North America,' in the *Nation* of yesterday, contains the following:

"Mr. Knox, in his introduction, states that the 'adventures of George and Harry are quite within the range of easy probability,' but a perusal of the book convinces us that it contains no more improbable statement than this. The boys whose experiences are narrated begin their exploits in the woods of Maine, where, under the care of a benevolent and accomplished doctor, they take their first lessons in woodcraft, and kill a bear and a moose. Afterwards, by rapid transition, they catch blue-fish and sharks in Great South Bay, try a few weeks' sport in the Adirondacks, then speed to the West, where buffaloes and Indians are successfully encountered, and wind up the season with a short trip to California overland, and some successful whale-fishing."

Your reviewer must have fallen upon a spurious issue of 'The Young Nimrods in North America.' In the volume written by me, and published by Harper & Brothers, the youthful heroes, George and Harry, are present at the killing of a bear, but take no part in the slaughter; they do not kill a moose, and do not even see one. They catch blue-fish near Great South Bay,

but they do not catch a shark, and their only connection with the whale-fishery is to hear stories about it, and witness from the deck of a steamer on which they are passengers the capture and "cutting-in" of a whale.

Leaving your reviewer to the undisturbed enjoyment of his opinions, I ask, as a matter of justice, the correction of the above misstatements of fact.

Respectfully,

THOMAS W. KNOX.

NEW YORK, June 3, 1881.

[This confirms what we said about the confusing effect of Mr. Knox's narrative. In the case of the moose, it is true that only a story about hunting the animal is introduced. In the other instances our language was as correct as it would be for a passenger on a steamer to report "We rescued the crew of a sinking vessel," although he took no part whatever in the affair except that of a spectator.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

E. STEIGER announces an abridged edition of Kiddle and Schen's 'Cyclopædia of Education,' published four years ago. The smaller and cheaper work will be called a 'Dictionary of Education and Instruction'—a somewhat redundant title for an abridgment. We should have been glad to have a promise that the serious omissions of the 'Cyclopædia' would be measurably repaired in the 'Dictionary,' and that the statistical portion would be brought down to date.—The late Mrs. H. C. Conant's 'Popular History of English Bible Translation' will be published in a revised edition, with additions to the present time, by I. K. Funk & Co. Dr. Conant, who edits the work, is the husband of the author, and was a member of the American Bible Revision Committee.—G. P. Putnam's Sons will, by arrangement with Messrs. Trübner, publish an American edition of the 'Autobiography of Mark Rutherford,' reviewed in our last issue.—Mr. Christern sends us the volume of Talleyrand's 'Correspondance inédite' which formed the subject of our last Paris letter; and also the new volume of Taine's 'Origines de la France Contemporaine; La Révolution: Tome II., La Conquête Jacobine,' of which we shall speak fully hereafter.—The English version of Pallain's Talleyrand reaches us simultaneously with the original in a cheap edition bearing the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons. A steel portrait serves as a frontispiece. The uniform reprint of the late Horace Bushnell's writings, in progress by the same firm, now includes that author's 'Work and Play' and 'The Moral Uses of Dark Things'—two very popular "literary varieties."—Karl Hillebrand's criticism of contemporary France, written mainly in 1872, but revised later, has already been translated into French, and now an English translation has been made from the third German edition, 'France and the French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century' (London: Trübner & Co.; New York: Scribner & Welford, 1881. Pp. 261). It is careful, and has apparently been scrutinized by the author himself. Perhaps it would have been better to leave fewer French phrases in the text.—John Wiley & Sons have added to their list of text-books 'The Elements of Plane Analytic Geometry,' by George R. Briggs, Tutor in Mathematics in Harvard University, which treats the subject in as clear and simple a manner as probably it is capable of being presented. If we were inclined to find any fault with the book it would be that Mr. Briggs seems to have avoided general views with a scrupulous care not required even by freshmen. For example, in the chapter on Conic Sections we find no allusion to the beautiful manner in which Boscovitch embraces the three curves in a single definition.—Mr. Thomas W. Knox's 'How to Travel' (Boston: Lee & Shepard) is the product of wide experience in all parts of the globe, American adaptability to circumstances, and, of course, American humor. It is sound and shrewd in its advice, and can be read pleasantly even by those who are chained to their own firesides. A lady furnishes special instructions for her sex, and a lawyer gives some useful legal hints. The chapter "Travelling without Money—Round the World for \$50," is a warning, not a false guide. Pedestrianism is provided for, but not horseback journeys.—The 'Manual of Wood-working Tools,' just published by Ginn & Heath for the Boston Industrial School Association, is a model of clear and concise directions, while the illustrations have been most carefully prepared, with the aid of photography, even to the general attitude of the body.—Ex-Secretary Schurz's visit to Boston in March has been commemorated, by the Executive Committee of the dinner which brought him there, in a handsome volume with an artotype portrait.—MM. Édouard Noël and Edmond Stoullig have put forth the sixth volume of their 'Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique' (Paris: Charpentier; New York: F. W. Christern), as full of interesting matter as its predecessor, and like that, indeed, altogether too full, containing seven hundred and fifty pages. As usual, the few English and American names are

sadly mangled by the types. The preface this year is by M. Victorin Joncières, a composer of maturity, although scarcely known out of France; he advocates again the establishment of a third musical theatre in Paris.—The same publisher issues the second series of Zola's collected dramatic criticisms, under the title of 'Nos Auteurs Dramatiques.' Under the name of each author are gathered the articles written by Zola in the *Bien Public* and the *Voltaire* when the plays of the dramatist were revived or produced. It is very much the best of the four or five volumes of polemic criticism which M. Zola has recently put together. Due allowance made for the personal equation, he does not give an unfair view of the present French drama.—Trübner & Co. have published a 'Grammar of the old Friesic Language,' by Adley H. Cummins, of which the preface is dated at San Francisco. Koolman's 'Wörterbuch' of the living East Frisian dialect proceeds with its usual deliberation, having not quite cleared the letter K with its twelfth *Heft* (Norden: Braams). The dry bones of etymology are larded with curious proverbial and idiomatic examples, which do not spare the vulgarest phases of common life. Under *Kraie* we find "'De tiden worden alle dagen schlechter, sâ' de kreie, as sê sag dat de galge ofbraken wurr'" (The times get worse every day, as the crow said, on seeing the gallows broken down.)—The thirtieth meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will be opened at Cincinnati on the 17th of August, in the Music Hall. The composition of the local committee ensures a hospitable reception. The Association desires to raise the sum of three thousand dollars to reprint several volumes of its Proceedings.—The *American Art Review* announces an *édition de luxe* of the publication, each monthly part to cost \$7 50, to be sold only to subscribers, and five hundred copies only to be printed. The number for May contains Mr. Riordan's second paper on "American Stained Glass," and, as an illustration to a review of the late Academy Exhibition, a woodcut by Mr. Closson of Mr. Fuller's "Winifred Dysarte." This is one of the finest things that have been done in the way of reproducing particularly elusive effects by wood-engraving. Any dissatisfaction with the plate must be referred to Mr. Fuller, whose work is here absolutely reproduced in black and white.—Entrance examinations for Cornell University have been appointed in Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Washington, and in this city (at 146 Grand Street), for the three days beginning Tuesday next.—We regret to report the death, at the age of sixty, of Mr. Joseph Sabin, the veteran old-bookseller of this city. His monument is his unfinished but invaluable 'Dictionary of Books relating to America, from its discovery to the present time.'

—Somewhat unexpectedly, one of the most interesting and satisfactory articles in the Smithsonian Henry Memorial Volume is by Henry himself: we refer to the letter at page 149, written to a Princeton friend in December, 1876, recounting his scientific researches while connected with the College of New Jersey during the years 1832 to 1846. The remoteness of the epoch, the infancy of exact, experimental science, and the breadth and originality of Henry's researches make it impossible to overestimate the greatness of the man, even so early in his scientific career. Among the special addresses and discourses by the scientific colleagues of Henry, Dr. Asa Gray's is of particular value from his long and intimate acquaintance and association with Henry—in connection with the affairs of the Smithsonian Institution as well as elsewhere. President Welling's address on the life and character of Henry is a scholarly paper, and reveals the strength and depth of Henry's friendship most fully. Much the most satisfactory discourse of the volume is the careful analysis of the scientific work of Joseph Henry by Mr. W. B. Taylor, the author of the elaborate memoir on "Henry and the Telegraph," which occupies a large portion of the Smithsonian Report for 1878. Mr. Taylor has appended a list of Henry's scientific papers, extending over fifty-three years, and containing nearly one hundred and sixty entries. This discourse, as also the address of Dr. Welling, was originally delivered before the Philosophical Society of Washington (of which Henry was so long the President), and, in this more accessible form, these biographies will receive the wider circulation which they so abundantly deserve. Professor Newcomb's memorial address was, unfortunately, not undertaken until nearly the whole ground had been covered by others. It was read before the National Academy of Sciences at its Washington session a year ago, and is especially noteworthy from the author's intimate association with Henry for nearly twenty years at Washington, and also as bringing to light some features connected with the origin and early difficulties of the Smithsonian Institution which had not previously been dealt with. Professor Mayer's address on Henry as a discoverer concludes the volume. It was originally delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at the Boston meeting in August last, and appears here for the first time, we believe, in permanent form. Professor Mayer's choice of the phase of Henry's life with which to deal was very happy. He feelingly attributes very much of whatever usefulness there is in him to the disinterested kindness and wise counsels of Joseph Henry.

—A recent bulletin of the Census Office shows the distribution of the population with reference to the mean annual rainfall and the rainfall of the spring and summer months—i.e., the growing period for vegetation. The

extreme range of annual rainfall in the United States is stated to be from 0 to 150 inches, the former extreme being reached on the arid plateaus of Arizona, Nevada, and California, while the latter is reported as an exceptional case on the coast of Puget Sound, Washington Territory. The classification is by groups of 5 inches of rainfall each, ranging from 10 inches and below to 60 inches and above. The heaviest rainfall is in the western part of Oregon and Washington Territory, and on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. These regions are comprised in the first class. The cotton region is comprised almost entirely in the classes between 45 and 60 inches, while the densely settled region of New England and the Middle States is almost entirely between 40 and 50 inches. The prairies proper have between 35 and 45 inches of rainfall, while the rich wheat-lands of the Northwest have but 25 to 35 inches. The low density of population corresponds with slight rainfall in the arid region of the Cordilleran plateau. The average annual rainfall upon the surface of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is approximately 29 inches.

—The principal facts of the second table, showing distribution of population with relation to the rainfall of the spring and summer, may be summarized as follows:

Inches of Rainfall.	Population.	Population per Sq. Mile.	Percentage of total Pop.
35 and above	79,777	4.0	0.16
30—35	1,278,007	17.5	2.54
25—30	9,137,053	28.0	18.22
20—25	30,918,062	47.2	61.65
15—20	7,290,866	15.3	14.54
10—15	971,416	1.9	1.94
5—10	395,573	0.6	0.79
Below 5	82,112	0.3	0.16

The heaviest rainfall is along the Gulf coast, whence it decreases slowly northward. The cotton belt is mainly in the class between 25 and 30 inches, while between 20 and 25 inches lie most of New England, the Middle States, the Atlantic slope of the Southern States, and the whole upper part of the Mississippi Valley. In this class are contained most of the cereal-producing portions of the country and nearly all the great cities, and the density of population is much greater than in any other. The average rainfall for the spring and summer months is approximately 17 inches.

—Mr. Daniel F. Tredwell, of Brooklyn, has published a 'Monograph' on privately-illustrated books, which will be found none the less pleasant reading because of the occasional exuberance and inaccuracy of the style (the writer speaks, for example, of "a more than unique copy" of a certain work) and the occasional naïveté of his remarks, as when he says: "Plutarch's *Lives* . . . is one of the greatest books in the world, only it should be supplemented with the lives of Faraday, Gladstone, Peabody, Lincoln, Theodore Parker, Charles Sumner, James Lick, and Lucretia Mott"—surely a singular choice of representatives of the modern world. Mr. Tredwell modestly passes over his own achievements in illustrating some 60 works or 120 volumes, and devotes most of his space to the possessions—acquired or built up—of other collectors in all parts of this country, yet chiefly in New York and its vicinity. A preliminary sketch of the slippery descent of the private-illustrator is sufficiently lifelike to be capable of leading the innocent into temptation, and the only warning given is against spoiling the identity of a fine book by enlarging its margins to suit the disproportionate engravings which have been selected to bind up with it. Nothing is said by way of protest about the vandalism of plundering good and maybe rare books of their frontispieces or other removable illustrations, thus diminishing the number of perfect copies in existence. Mr. Tredwell describes the process of accumulating prints, as the passion grows; the gradual training of the critical faculty in rejecting what is unauthentic or inartistic; the canons of good taste in mixing different styles of illustrations—photographs here receiving for their durability a better word than collectors commonly allow them; the business of the inlayer, who has to frame the text or the print—of the title-page duplicator—of the binder, sometimes found intelligent enough to expose the collector's blunders, and always disposed to take his own time, etc. The treasures of more than two dozen collectors are enumerated with knowledge at first or second hand. Two of the only three inlayers Mr. Tredwell can recommend are on the list, and two of our leading stage-managers are among the large number of illustrators who have more or less exclusively devoted themselves to illustrating the annals of the stage. Lawyers figure largely, one of them being the purchaser of the Gutenberg Bible at the late Brinley sale, to the not well grounded surprise of the public, as Mr. Tredwell makes apparent. Another has illustrated a catalogue of his own books—a curious whimsy. Still another has given an example of the most sensible and legitimate illustration in expanding a memorial of Anderson, the father of American wood-engraving. *Lives of Washington* have been most frequently illustrated. Other favorites are Dib-



din's works, Boswell's Johnson, Izaak Walton, the Waverley novels, Spooner's 'Dictionary of Painters,' Shakspeare, Boccaccio, Ireland's 'Records of the New York Stage,' and Francis's 'Old New York.'

—"X." writes us:

"I visited to-day, at noon, the room, No. 520 Grand Street, of the New York Coffee-house Company, and ask leave to report as follows: Any laboring man can there get a meal satisfactory as regards quantity and of average quality for ten cents. The laboring men in the neighborhood seem to know and appreciate that fact. At the time of my visit there was no vacant chair at any of the tables in the room. So far well. The weak point seemed to me to be a lack of tidiness. Soiled plates were not quickly removed from the tables at which people were eating, but were often merely pushed aside. If cleanliness is next to godliness, it must come before even mashed potatoes and strawberry-shortcake."

—The current number of the *Princeton Review* contains an article by Professor W. D. Whitney "On the so-called Science of Religion," which is a concise but very complete statement of what may be called, almost without prejudice by this time, and *pace* some very eminent disputants, the rational basis of the study. The "so-called science" Professor Whitney describes as "an inseparable part of the study of prehistoric man," and he treats of it as he would of the kindred science of language. At the outset he rejects what, he says, "has been till recently and is still, to a considerable extent, the prevalent assumption"—namely, that the universality of religious phenomena among men argues a primitive revelation. As he says, the question is this: "Men being such as we perceive them to be, and their circumstances such as we know them, are the great mass of the religions of the world to be accounted for as results of the normal exercise of men's faculties under government of the usual motives to their exercise?" If this is found to be the case, he continues, "the scientific study of religions wins a very different basis." Different from that assumed by students whose investigation supposes the miraculous it certainly is, and though possibly Professor Whitney has the traditions of the *Princeton Review* especially in mind in hinting at its novelty, it is true that in this way the study "for the first time finds a basis at all." He proceeds to account for the rise of race-religions in this wise, rejecting at once the term "religious instinct"; as he very justly observes: "The application of the word 'instinctive' at all to the productions of human intelligence amounts to a confession of inability to say anything in explanation of them." At the bottom of primitive philosophy, which infers a creator from creation, is "the simple faith in the connection of cause and effect," he says. Anthropomorphic agencies are naturally inferred. Their action is found to be internal as well as external, whence propitiation by conformable conduct—*i.e.*, morality. A community formulates its common notions, and has thus a religion which Prof. Whitney defines as "the belief in a superhuman being or beings, whose actions are seen in the works of creation and in such relations on the part of man towards this being or beings as prompt the believer to acts of propitiation and worship, and to the regulation of conduct." He then discusses the distinction between religion and superstition, admittedly alike "in their origin and essential nature," to determine which he deems necessary the aid of physical science—that is to say, of course, when the superstition is an accretion and not a preliminary of a religion. Next the steps of progress of religions from significance to conventionality and formalizing by tradition are traced, and the conclusion reached that "the normal tendency of a religion, when once formulated and established, is toward decay." The difference between race-religions (between which and languages there exists a close analogy) and the universal religions proceeding from an individual founder, such as Zoroastrianism and Christianity, is not confined to origin. The latter have a very different propagative force. On this point Professor Whitney touches but lightly, as its elaboration doubtless did not lie within his scheme. But it is clear that the really interesting question at present is how far it is possible to apply to the universal religions the principles here laid down. How far do these religions, as we know them, share the race-religions' "unconscious growth of generations," however definite the character of their origin may be believed to have been in each case? How is it possible to prevent Calvinism, let us say, from being adjudged an accretion not found in the "new body of doctrines" promulgated by the individual founder of Christianity, according to the view which leads Professor Whitney to maintain that the Mass is a "metamorphosis of the simple commemorative Lord's Supper into a miraculous sacrifice"? However, it is only the religion "that does not itself contain and teach the absolute truth" which has need to view with fear "those who, unsubmitive to its authority, are searching after more and truer truth."

—The French Academy has just lost the member who was kept out of it for eight years by the opposition of Bishop Dupanloup, entering it at one door while the irreconcilable prelate flung himself out at the other; the French Senate, a member *inamovible*, who took up arms in the revolution of 1830, and who refused the decoration of the Legion of Honor—Maximilien-Paul-Émile Littré. M. Littré's life began with the century, and was, in respect to longevity and incessant intellectual activity, comparable to that of

Thiers, from the opposite quarter of France. Littré was of Norman parentage, Huguenot till the incautious pleasantry of one of his ancestors made a conversion to Catholicism expedient. Our readers will remember the incident of this goldsmith being called upon to repair a copper group of Michael and Satan, and proposing to substitute the one for the other, on the equivocal ground that Satan *avait du bon*, while Michael *ne valait le diable*. Littré's mother was a Protestant, and an original and courageous character. From his father he inherited a powerful constitution which, in his youth, made him an athlete capable of lifting *à bras tendu* a comrade of nineteen seated in a chair; but this robustness presently gave way under ten years of gastritis, and left him a permanent invalid. His father, moreover, who died in 1827, was a self-taught man, who learned Greek and Sanskrit, and acquired a standing among Orientalists. Littré was the first scholar in his college, classes, and knew German, English, and Italian well by the time he was of age. Chance decided that his fame should rest, with posterity, chiefly on his lexicography. He took one year's course in mathematics out of college, and then began a study of medicine in the most thorough manner, but, though he became a member of the Academy of Medicine, he never assumed the title of M.D.; and though till within a few years he used to practise without fee among the poor of his country neighborhood, he always in the more serious cases called in a regular physician. His first great work was the translation and editing of Hippocrates—"mon long travail," as he called it, undertaken in 1834, and published in ten volumes during the interval 1838-61. In 1839, just after the appearance of his translation of Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' he was elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions, and being placed on the committee on the literary history of France he was led to the study of the language, and by this, five years later, to undertake his immortal Dictionary (published 1863-72). Meantime his acquaintance with Auguste Comte involved him in a new line of thought and literary production, and in his 'Analyse raisonnée du cours de philosophie positive' he is reputed to have done for his master what Dumont did for Bentham. In 1867 he founded the review called the *Philosophie positive*. Other diversions were a translation of Pliny (1848); a translation of the 'Iliad' into French verse of the thirteenth century, and the 'Inferno' into French verse of the fourteenth; contributions to the *Journal des Savants*, the *Débats*, the *Revue Germanique* (including some youthful translations of Schiller), the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (1836, etc.); besides articles for the medical dictionary known from the number of its volumes as the "en 30," editions of his own works and those of his friends—his last being 'Études et Glanures' (1880). Sainte-Beuve, from whose appreciative notice of Littré in the *Constitutionnel* of 1863 we have borrowed freely, says that he was after 1859 habitually a night-worker, beginning at 6.30 P.M., and breaking off at three in the morning.

—According to the *Débats*, there is to be found among the MSS. of Conrart in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris an amusing story of the poet Malherbe (a contemporary of Shakspeare's), to this effect: A loose and witty literary friend of his, named Chazeray, having in a penitential mood retired to the cloisters of the Vauvert quarter (garden of the Luxembourg), Malherbe felt a strong desire to make a psychological study of him, with a view to observing what effect his devotions had produced upon his temperament. To that end he joined with him the Marquis de Racan, a poet mentioned like himself by Boileau in his *L'Art Poétique*, and, on the way, Daniel de Mousnier, a poet-painter, both of whom had a sympathetic side for the gallantries of Chazeray. At the convent the coveted interview in the latter's cell was granted reluctantly by the superior, and only on condition that the three visitors should before entering repeat aloud a *pater* and an *ave*, which they loyally did, but had no sooner concluded than the bell rang for vespers, and Chazeray, with only a shake of the hand, was obliged to hurry off to the chapel. Thus thwarted, Malherbe grew very indignant, and, as he turned to the porter to be let out, exclaimed: "Qu'on me rende au moins mon *pater* et mon *ave*!" (At least they might give me back my *pater* and my *ave*!).

—M. Paul Delair, a young French poet, whose 'Garin' was brought out a year or so ago at the Théâtre-Français, has recently published a volume called 'Les Contes d'à présent' (Paris: Ollendorf; New York: Christern), in which he has gathered together a score or more of poems written to be recited. The book is dedicated to M. Coquelin, of the Comédie-Française, and most of the pieces have apparently been written at his request and recited by him. What gives the volume special value is the letter from M. Coquelin prefixed to it in guise of a preface, in which he discusses the art of recitation and of delivering a monologue. Of late the monologue, comic or tragic, lyric or melodramatic, has become very popular in Paris, and its popularity is owing for the most part to the two Coquelins. The elder, while not disdaining comedy in monologue, has by his delivery of their poems brought into favor half a dozen young lyrists, among whom may be noted MM. Coppée, Manuel, Déroulède and Guizard (the two nephews of M. Émile Augier), Jacques Normand, and Delair himself. To the younger Coquelin is due the invention, or at least the introduction into France, of a sort of American humor, and in the delivery of an extravagantly fantastic monologue of a Mark Twain kind he is unsur-

passed. His brother's preface to M. Delair's volume deserves to be translated into English.

—The famous 'Historia Karoli Magni et Rotholandi,' attributed to Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims, has recently been made accessible to students in an excellent edition by M. Ferdinand Castets (Paris: Maisonneuve & Cie. 1880). Prior to this publication (the fifth in order from the first), the only separate edition of the 'Historia' was that of Ciampi, Florence, 1822, which had become very scarce. M. Castets follows in his text seven MSS. of Montpellier belonging to the second group of versions established by Gaston Paris in his essay 'De Pseudo-Turpino' (Paris, 1864). Of this group the editor says: "If not the primitive Turpin, it is the one that early became the official Turpin; it is the one that has been unceasingly read, translated, and imitated during the Middle Ages, and which the Italian romancers, from Nicholas of Padua to Ariosto, have accepted as the titular chronicler of the lofty deeds of Charlemagne and Roland." M. Castets has given in an appendix the letter concerning Turpin attributed to Pope Calixtus II., and several other documents of interest, and has added some valuable notes on the names of places mentioned in the third chapter of the 'Historia,' and on the twelve *pug-natores* of Charlemagne in the eleventh chapter. The latter note leads to a discussion of the influence of Turpin's work on the posterior *chansons de geste*. For all concerning the author and the historical and legendary value of his work, the editor refers the reader to the dissertation above mentioned by Paris, and the same scholar's invaluable 'Histoire poétique de Charlemagne' (Paris, 1865).

#### RECENT WORKS ON GOETHE.\*

MEN are not really on the highest niche of permanent fame until they become the themes not merely of biography, but of bibliography. There must not merely be books written about them, but books upon books, whole alcoves of books, until they have a department to themselves in every large library. Anybody may have his memoir written—no peaceful country clergyman is safe in these days from that doom; but this biography may be as perishable as his published sermons, which Hawthorne thinks the most short-lived of all printed things. Real fame must be made up of many voices, reflected in many books. There will never be a time when new histories of Caesar and of Cicero are not appearing. The public libraries are constantly obliged to increase the shelf-room given to books about Shakspeare, Voltaire, Napoleon Bonaparte. It is a donation to be heralded across the Atlantic when Carlyle bequeaths to Harvard University his collection of books relating to Cromwell and Frederic the Second. But it goes without saying that, whether Goethe be the greatest of modern men or otherwise, he is certainly that one about whom books are most multiplying and likely to be multiplied. It is useless to philosophize farther upon the matter; let us proceed at once to the three new publications that lie before us.

All three of these books are translations, and two of them illustrate that especial zeal for translation which has for some years marked America more than any other country. This zeal has heretofore been directed largely upon German literature, and has been marked by a great range of theme and execution, from Mr. Brooks's laborious and accurate renderings of Jean Paul to Mrs. Wister's capital condensations of the long-winded novelists of to-day. But seldom has a translator had a more agreeable task than in dealing with Herman Grimm, whose books have, even in the original, the rare gift of being readable, and whose agreeable style also flows smoothly in the rendering by Miss Adams. It is possible to pick flaws in her translation, as in all; to find instances of misconception, as where she calls Werther and Lotte "two radical German natures," instead of "radically German" (p. 147); of inelegance, as where she says that Goethe "started out himself as a writer" (p. 324); of confusion, as where she says, "It is believed that Gretchen in 'Faust' is to be traced back to Frederika, but she [which?] bears a closer analogy to Marie Beaumarchais in 'Clavigo'" (p. 73); of incongruity of method, as where she speaks of "the Herrgottsberge, in Bessungen-wood" (p. 86)—translating the one proper name and leaving the other untranslated. But these are slight and incidental blemishes in a piece of work essentially faithful and excellent.

The first impression made or renewed by every good life of Goethe is the sense of remoteness which now attaches to the period when he lived. For some reason or other, the life of Greece and Rome seems not so far off to Americans as the life of the little German states before the French Revolution. It is like the sensation felt by the traveller in going from the modern streets of Frankfort to the narrow streets of the Jews' quarter; it seems incredible that any human beings should have consented to live in these high,

pinched, picturesque houses; yet it was from these narrow doors that the powerful race of Rothschild came forth. It seems equally incredible that Goethe was reared in a time when, as Grimm reminds us, "the castles and monasteries along the Rhine were still filled with rich ecclesiastical and secular nobles"; when the Greek plays were performed by German actors in wigs and knee-breeches; when the Rome which Goethe visited was a remoter discovery than any of Schliemann's buried cities seem to-day. No English or American biographer of Goethe has fully done justice to this remoteness, and indeed pettiness, of the *milieu* in which Goethe was reared. Grimm comes nearest to it; he gives long episodes, in the German manner, to illustrate the rise of the modern European stage, of the novel, of history, of landscape art, and these excursions are always interesting. Yet, after all, he only inadequately touches the essential point—the inconceivable distance between our own times and the period of Goethe's early life.

It is, perhaps, in despair of doing this that he dilates with almost wearisome amplitude upon the maidens and matrons of Goethe's world—that fair coterie of which the readers of all nations already know so much. In doing this he only follows the German tradition. In the Goethe-House at Frankfort they preserve ample memorials of Frederika, Lotte, Lilli, and the rest—a *silhouette* of one, the album of another, a pattern of the flowered dress of a third; and Herr Grimm shows a similar interest in these heroines. It is, in truth, an endless investigation; the poet himself says that his early days in Weimar were "perplexed by multifarious love-affairs," and Herr Grimm laments with a biographer's repining that we do not know, for instance, in 'Wilhelm Meister,' who were the originals of Marianne, or Mignon, or Philina. But it is fair to say of our author that he depicts with as much interest the men as the women who influenced Goethe; and that we have here better pictures than ever before of his relations with Herder, Merck, Lenz, and, above all, Schiller, who becomes for the first time, in Grimm's hands, a genuine and living man, full of strength and weakness. Nor can anything be better than the easy way in which Grimm disposes, by a single *obiter dictum*, of whole classes of people whom previous biographers have thought it necessary to give in fuller detail. Thus, he says, in connection with Stein and the Jacobins, "every educated nation produces a certain quantity of second class literary writers who associate together, and, sustained by a cheerful complacency, often lead a very happy existence" (p. 184). Again, in speaking of Klopstock's spending a year with the Margrave of Baden, he says: "There were, in those times of philanthropic enlightenment, a number of small princes in Germany to whom intercourse with such men seemed a vital necessity" (p. 210); a quiet remark which sums up the whole relation between the titled and untitled aristocracy of that time and place.

Herr Grimm gives, on the whole, a more natural and human delineation of Goethe than has any predecessor; he reverences him too thoroughly to feel tempted to withhold or consciously misstate anything. Nothing can be franker than the analysis of the love-affairs, for instance. "The moment Goethe divined that he had conquered a heart, an involuntary perception sprang up in him that the end was reached." "As soon as he was officially announced a bridegroom, his thoughts centred about the one idea of getting free again." "Goethe's demoniac impulse to free himself from all bonds, even the dearest, led him to rend and break these which had been so tenderly woven and so firmly joined." If this is the verdict of a friend, what is left to be said by an enemy? And all this is done with a fidelity of analysis and a thoroughness of enquiry which must command our admiration. In a capital anecdote preserved by him there is described a certain painting of Noah's flood, in which a man is swimming for life with a roll of parchment in his hand, while from his lips issues the remark, "Sauvez les papiers de la famille Montmorency." Herr Grimm thus prizes the minutest scrap of the Goethe papers, and though, unlike most Germans, he is more *littérateur* than archaeologist, the tact of the literary man simply leads him to save the best things. As he is, if we mistake not, the son-in-law of that still attractive writer, Bettina Brentano, we might have looked for some untold circumstances about her, but he has passed her lightly by, only vindicating her truthfulness in one of the many instances where it has been doubted. The sonnets which she prints as addressed to herself by Goethe, and which were also claimed as written for Minna Herzlieb, are shown by Grimm to have been conveniently duplicated for several ladies (p. 470). As he critically adds, the poems themselves are less passionate than academic.

The standpoint of all Grimm's analysis of Goethe's imaginative creations lies in this assumption, that each was a personal confession, the transmutation of his real life into poetry. From this he proceeds to explain most acutely and ingeniously the far greater variety visible in the poet's women than in his men. The women, he says, were drawn from a hundred women, or were at least suggested by them. The men were all the delineations of one man, Goethe himself. Hence, while the women are complete women, the men are incomplete men; "they all lack a certain robust vitality, without which a perfect man is inconceivable" (p. 497). It is only when we come to Faust, he holds, that we obtain the crowning success. "Faust will in coming periods save all his weaker younger brethren—yea, even Goethe himself—from the sea of oblivion, as

\* 'The Life and Times of Goethe. By Herman Grimm. Translated by Sarah Holland Adams.' Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

'Goethe's Mother. Correspondence of Caroline Elizabeth Goethe with Goethe, Lavater, Wieland, Duchess Anna Amalia of Saxe-Weimar, Friedrich von Stein, and others. Translated from the German, with the addition of Biographical Sketches and Notes, by Alfred S. Gibbs. With an Introductory Note by Clarence Cook.' New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

'Faust: A Tragedy. By Goethe. Translated into English Verse, with Notes and preliminary remarks, by John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh.' Second edition. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.



Moses saved the Israelites" (p. 498). So far the criticism of Herr Grimm is masterly, but when he unites Gretchen with Faust as a subject of equal enthusiasm; when he declares that Antigone, Iphigenia, Ophelia, Imogen, Juliet, are all inferior to her as creations, one cannot help thinking that our biographer is himself overwhelmed in the Red Sea of his own enthusiasm, and that he needs a Moses to draw him out. But for all this his book must be pronounced to be, up to this time, the best single work on Goethe to be put into the hands of old or young.

If anything could make the Frankfort civilization of the last century seem to that of the present time anything but remote it would be the memory of that most amusing, racy, and delightful woman, the Frau Rath ("Lady Councillor") Goethe, mother of the poet. The second book on our list, by the late Mr. Alfred S. Gibbs, is much more than a translation, much more than a selection of letters. It is so copious in its information, so varied in the sources from which it is drawn, and so ample and careful in its annotation, that it really surpasses any of the separate German books from which it was drawn; and it awakens real regret for the early death of the young American scholar who here made so admirable an entrance into literature. It is not too much to say that through the acquaintance which it gives with Goethe's mother we obtain of the poet himself more familiar and life-like glimpses than have come to us in any other way.

Readers of Bettina Brentano will remember that we owe to one of her fortunate conversations with Goethe's mother the best record preserved of the opening scene of the poet's history—the precarious beginning of his mortal career. She thus writes, the translation also being her own:

"The bed in which your mother brought you forth had blue checkered hangings. She was then seventeen [eighteen] years old, and one year married; hereupon she remarked you would always remain young, and your heart would never become old, since you had the youth of your mother into the bargain. Three days did you consider about it before you entered the world, and caused your mother heavy hours. Through anger that necessity had driven you from your nature-home, and through the ill-treatment of the midwife, you appeared quite black, and without sign of life. They laid you in a butcher's tray, and bathed the pit of your heart with wine, quite despairing of your existence. Your grandmother stood beside the bed. When you first opened your eyes she exclaimed: 'Daughter, he lives!' 'Then awoke my maternal heart, and lived since then in continual enthusiasm to this very hour,' said your mother to me in her seventy-seventh year" ("Goethe's Mother," *Introd.* p. xxiv.)

The further conversations of the Frau Rath with Bettina have given to most English-speaking readers the best impression of the elder lady, and are so charming that it seems almost cruel in the present volume to give us in return the Frau Rath's lively sketches of her young visitor, whom she seems to have valued as an unfailing auditor, but otherwise to have regarded as a sort of lively young mosquito, who was always pestering Goethe, and must be brushed away as far as possible. She writes to Goethe's wife:

"So the little Brentano has at last had her wish, and seen Goethe. I believe, in the opposite case, she would have gone mad. For I never saw the like. She wanted to disguise herself as a boy, and run on foot to Weimar. Last winter I was often really anxious about the maiden. Thank heaven, she has at last had her wish in a proper manner" (p. 226).

Thus intolerant in all ages have been the mothers and wives of poets in respect to the ecstasies of girlish adorners!

There is evident in every page of this book that hearty correspondence of temperament between Goethe and his mother which can never be better stated than he himself has put it, in well-known words:

"Vom Vater hab' ich die Statur,  
Des Lebens ernstes Führen;  
Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur,  
Die Lust zu fabuliren."

Viehoff, one of his German biographers, has well pointed out that the poet got the freshness, the humor, the feeling of his life from the mother; and from the father his methodical and laborious ways, and the gravity shown in his later life. Goethe recognizes this fully when he sends the young Fritz von Stein to Frankfort in 1785, consigning him to the Frau Rath, and writes to him:

"Greet my mother and relate to her a great deal. As she is not so grave as I am, thou wilt fare better with her" (p. 132).

A month later, when the boy has returned, Goethe writes of him to the Frau von Stein:

"He is merrier than ever before. He has in Frankfort first rightly learned to know freedom, and my mother has first fully taught him the philosophy of a cheerful life. Thou wilt be astonished to see how much he is improved in every respect" (p. 133).

What were the Frau Rath's conceptions of freedom for young people can hardly be forgotten by those who have read Bettina's account of a certain incident, or have seen the historic pump in the court-yard of the Goethe-House at Frankfort, and have heard on the spot the story of the two young princesses of Mecklenburg. They were two nieces of Queen Charlotte, of England, who

were assigned to this house as guests during the coronation of the Emperor in 1790. The young girls, delighted at being freed from court etiquette, and overflowing with jubilant spirits, seized upon the pump handle soon after their arrival and insisted on pumping without limit. The horror-stricken governess restrained them, and they appealed to their hostess, who at once settled the matter by pushing the governess into the door of her own apartment, and turning the key on her.

There is not to be found in the whole range of biography a more charming picture of a sunny and vigorous old age than that contained in this volume. The hospitable lady declares in one of her letters that no visitor ever went away from her house except with kindly feelings towards her:

"True, I have the grace from God that as yet no living soul has ever left me dissatisfied, of whatever rank, age, or sex. I love human-kind, and old and young feel it. I go without pretension through the world, and that pleases all earth's sons and daughters" (p. 135).

But the truth is that for Goethe's mother no pretensions were needed; she could claim nothing higher than she had. During one of the Frankfort fairs, when many strangers visited her, she writes:

"That my son pleased the Most Serene Duke of Brunswick touched very softly my motherly heart. It fares with me well-nigh as with the old knight whom Geron der Adeliche [in Wieland's poem] came upon in a cavern, who lived solely by this, that the spirits brought him so much good news of his grandson Hector. What life-balsam I have again received just during the present fair!" (p. 115).

Yet the most charming aspect of her character is not the social brilliancy and animation which delighted everybody, but rather the way in which her joyous nature made her almost as happy during the long, dull epochs when no interesting strangers came to Frankfort and she dwelt almost wholly alone. Thus, she writes to her son in November, 1786:

"Of my inner and outer life here follows an exact and faithful description. My life flows quietly on like a clear brook. Disquiet and commotion were never agreeable to me, and I thank Providence for my days. To thousands such a life would seem monotonous, but not to me; the quieter my body is the more active in me are my thinking powers. Thus I can pass the live-long day entirely alone, wonder that it is evening, and be as happy as a goddess; and one needs not in this world more than to be happy and contented" (p. 145).

Yet this was the woman who would sing, in the midst of a gay company, her son's songs, especially that in 'Faust,' "Es war einmal ein König." In singing it she would arrange her companions round her for a chorus, and at the conclusion would lay her hand on her heart and say, "Den hab' ich geboren"—"He is my son!" (p. 263).

In her last years, when suffering under infirmities, she once said to a visitor:

"Yesterday I could stand myself no longer. I gave myself a good scolding and said: 'Ay, art thou not ashamed of thyself, old Rätin [councilloress]? Thou hast had good days enough, and Wolfgang besides, and now when the evil days come thou shouldst make the best of them, and not pull such a wry face. What does it mean that thou art so impatient and naughty when the blessed God lays a cross on thee? Dost thou want, then, to walk upon roses for ever, and art past the goal, over seventy years old?' Look you, this is what I said to myself, and directly there set in an improvement, and I grew better because I was no longer so naughty" (p. 237-8).

The mother of Goethe died September 13, 1808, in her seventy-eighth year, and her son wrote of her to Zelter:

"She led a strong, hearty life in the Old Testament fear of God, and full of trust in the unchangeable God of the people and the family; and when she herself announced her own death, gave orders for her funeral with such accuracy that the kind of wine and the size of the cracknels for the refreshment of the attendants were precisely determined" (p. 220).

It is a tame affair to turn from this delightful picture to the third book on our list, which is simply another translation of the First Part of 'Faust,' neither better nor worse than many which have preceded it. It affords no easier reading, and indicates no more of poetical power in the author, than was to be found in his previous rhythmical volume 'The Wise Men of Greece.' Yet inasmuch as he has thought it best to rewrite his version after forty years, and to explain its history in a preface, it is worth while to point out the hopelessly false theory on which it is written. Never yet was there a prosaic man who felt moved to translate a poem without soon satisfying himself that "a literal version of a great poem never can be a graceful one," in the words of Mr. Blackie's preface. And the remark is an infallible truth, so far as relates to the man who makes it. Unluckily, while he is making it, some better translator comes along and effects the precise combination just pronounced impossible. In this difficult feat Longfellow perhaps stands at the head; but in dealing with Goethe both Brooks and Bayard Taylor come very near him, and there is something really touching in the innocence with which Mr. Blackie gives us page after page of translation, far less graceful than theirs, and also incomparably less literal.

Take, for instance, the exquisite prelude to the later editions of 'Faust,' a prelude whose most touching verse begins:

"Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gesänge,  
Die Seelen, denen ich die ersten sang;  
Zerstoben ist das freundliche Gedränge,  
Verklungen, ach! der erste Wiederklang."

Mr. Blackie translates this:

"They hear no more the sequel of my song;  
Who heard my early chant with open ear;  
Dispersed for ever is the favoring throng,  
Dumb the response from friend to friend so dear."

Turn now to Bayard Taylor, who, although not ranking high as an original poet, had great talent for translation, and see how much stronger, how much freer, and yet how incomparably more literal is his rendering. There is no "with open ear," no "friend to friend so dear," to eke out the rhyme, but most of the version is almost verbatim in all its apparent freedom:

"They hear no longer these succeeding measures,  
The souls, to whom my earliest songs I sang;  
Dispersed the friendly troop with all its pleasures,  
And still, alas! the echoes first that rang."

Turn now a few pages to another well-known and oft-translated passage, the magnificent chant of Michael, in the "Prologue in Heaven":

"Und Stürme brausen um die Wette  
Vom Meer aufs Land, vom Land aufs Meer,  
Und bilden wüthend eine Kette  
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher.  
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren  
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags.  
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren  
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags."

This is Mr. Blackie's version:

"And storm meets storm with rival greeting,  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
While from their war a virtue floweth  
That thrills with life all things that be.  
The lightning darts his fury, blazing  
Before the thunder's sounding way;  
But still thy servants, Lord, are praising  
The gentle going of thy day."

It will be seen that the translator frees himself from half the restraints of rhyme, to begin with, and from all those of literal rendering. Yet he fails to make the verse even impressive; all the magnificent grasp of it, and the sudden transition from the thunderstorm to the peaceful flowing of the unbroken day, disappears in his hands; and still the verse is not even graceful. See now with what power Bayard Taylor grasps the passage, and yet how much better this transition comes in, while the rhymes also are preserved:

"And rival storms abroad are surging  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
A chain of deepest action forging  
Round all, in wrathful energy.  
There flames a desolation, blazing  
Before the thunder's crashing way;  
Yet, Lord, thy messengers are praising  
The gentle movement of thy day."

When we compare, for instance, the splendidly vigorous and yet absolutely literal line,

"There flames a desolation, blazing,"

with the tameness of

"The lightning darts his fury, blazing,"

we see the difference between a poet's version and that of a more prosaic mind. It is almost needless to add, after this, that Mr. Blackie takes precisely the view of the Second Part of 'Faust' which prevailed forty years ago, and sees in it only a hopeless blunder of Goethe's old age; whereas the greater part of it is now known to have been planned, and a part of it written, in the prime of Goethe's life, and before the publication of the First Part.

#### RECENT NOVELS.\*

A GOOD novel by Henri Rochefort must be admitted as convincing testimony to the truth that it is difficult for a Frenchman to write a bad one. It is easy to imagine what a bad job Bradlaugh, say, or any of our own statesmen who may be considered to occupy a position analogous to Rochefort's, would turn out if he should set himself to the composition of a work of fiction; and it must be confessed that the contrast between such political writing as the French Communist is guilty of and 'Mademoiselle Bismarck' is surprising, even when one remembers how well every Frenchman who respects himself understands his own language. 'Mademoiselle Bismarck' is in form and construction an excellent novel, and in these respects might have been written by an academician, so far as it is possible to judge from a translation. It is, besides, entertaining from cover to cover, and contains at least one portrait which is a character-study of a good deal of acumen. This is the heroine, whose tact in social diplomacy gave her the title of the book, her name being Antoinette Alibert. Mademoiselle Alibert's father is a professor in some educational institution, and has but a small salary. Her mother is dead. She develops astuteness early. Realizing, "at the age when little girls are cutting dresses for their china dolls," that she never will be pretty,

she begins to endow herself with other attractions. She devotes herself to German, English, and Italian, not because she desires to read Goethe or Byron or Tasso, "but because she wished it to be said of her when she entered a drawing-room: 'You see that young lady; would you believe it? She knows three languages.'" The next end to compass is the entrée of some drawing-room. After she has accomplished that, her effort is to engage the affections of some important personage, and she succeeds finally in entrapping no less distinguished game than the President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Talazac himself. To do this, however, she has been obliged to forge love-letters from a member of the old noblesse, who finds her out, and, having her in his power, makes a very base use of it, compelling her to sacrifice either herself or her hopes of Talazac. She chooses the former, and the Viscount falls in love with her. As she will not recognize him and returns his letters unopened he falls ill, and his cousin, who is in love with him and is his nurse, finds the letters and sends them to Talazac. The wedding, for which every preparation had been made, is thereupon broken off, and Antoinette tries to secure the Viscount; but his sickness and her rejection by Talazac have quenched his flame, and she fears the *pis-aller* of falling back upon a young clerk to whom she has all along been engaged. She makes a last attempt, however, to win back Talazac's affection by pretending to drown herself before his eyes; but a boat which she has had sunk in a deep part of the Seine has drifted away, and she finds fifteen feet of water instead of five and drowns in reality. Talazac is filled with remorse and never discovers the truth about her. Talazac is, indeed, the weak part of the book. He is, of course, a caricature of Gambetta, for whom Rochefort has all the hatred of ingratitude and jealousy, and his introduction here, and the way in which it is managed, are absurd improbabilities. The reader feels that of the society at Mme. Maunoir's (Mme. Adam) the author knows nothing whatever, and the effect of his heroine's shrewdness is in great measure spoiled by the impossible things he makes her accomplish in order to set forth the opportunist coterie in a ridiculous light. This is too bad, for Antoinette's character is in the main admirably sketched, and in point of art she deserves to be ranked with more celebrated portraits of the same type, which is a favorite one with French novelists. It must be said, however, that though the book is written to gratify a personal motive of the vulgarest kind, this purpose is, in detail, very well concealed, and there is no invective or other clumsy evidence of spite apparent in the depiction of Talazac. If Gambetta were really a rather contemptible character, one would say he had been very delicately shown up in 'Mademoiselle Bismarck.'

There is not, at all events, on our present list another book which reads itself so well. 'By the Tiber' goes particularly hard. It is utterly formless, and one would be at a loss to account for it if he had nothing to go upon but the book itself. The heroine, an American lady of thirty-five, residing in Rome, and pursuing her vocation of writing books, says to herself (p. 224): "I will write a book which shall be a fragmentary piece cut out of life, like a square of turf you cut, with perhaps no full weed in it; and people who like a story will be disappointed because nothing is concluded." The writer is evidently the heroine, and this remark is designed to apply to the present book. But her consciousness that she is disappointing "people who like a story" does not prevent the fact of disappointment, and these people have long been, it should be borne in mind by novelists, the great majority of those who read novels. Only a genius of the first-class can be trusted to give us "fragmentary pieces cut out of life," and not one book in years where "nothing is concluded" deserves to be read. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of the power and much of the cleverness which marked 'Signor Monaldini's Niece' in 'By the Tiber.' There are two stories interwoven in it having no real connection with each other: one a tale of intrigue and daggers, and the other the imprisonment in a lunatic asylum of a lady, the heroine aforesaid, for having unwillingly witnessed some of the events of the former. In the former the author takes no interest beyond that of disgust, which is of course fatal to it; and in the other, the only interest possible to the reader arises from the feeling that so many pages wasted upon the unjust imprisonment and death of a lady in a madhouse must indicate that the story is in part a record of real events. The reflection that it is thus historic arouses the sympathy which every one feels in reading of a gross outrage, but this is a feeling that can only be gratifying to the writer as a historian, and can be in no wise flattering to her as a novelist. For the rest the book owes its merits and defects in nearly equal proportion to that brooding intensity which marks the work of writers of potentiality rather than power, and who are accordingly disappointing not only because their view of life is necessarily a contracted one, but because they have employed the portion of life visible to them as a stimulant to an already overactive susceptibility rather than as material for observation and study. Certain pages of this writer's rhapsodies upon nature, for example, are sympathetic and really interpretative. Certain others make one lament the tendency of so many novelists of her sex to make every book they write, whatever else it may be, an epitome of their "highest convictions upon Life and Art," as Mrs. Browning says.

\* 'Mademoiselle Bismarck. From the French of Henri Rochefort. By Virginia Champlin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881.

'By the Tiber. By the author of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece.' Boston: Roberts Bros. 1881.



However, it is decidedly a step down to the latest of the "No-Name" novels. 'Manuela Parédes' shows everywhere unmistakable marks of the 'prentice hand of a rather novel description, though it is becoming tolerably familiar under the fostering influences of an anonymity devised to pique curiosity. We feel secure in saying that this must be the author's first book, because the assertion is at all events clearly in her interest. The distinguishing mark of this recently developed type of novel-writing tyro is the singular character of its unquestionable intelligence. It is difficult to reconcile so much literary information with so much bad taste, and such critical perception of certain kinds of character with the general ignorance of the world that accompanies it. Perhaps this order of tyro has lived longer than the old-fashioned beginners were content to live before composing romances, and has beguiled a somewhat monotonous existence with vague aspirations and the reading of books interpreted only by an emotional consciousness. This is the story of 'Manuela Parédes': Mr. Robert Audran and his brother Walter meet in Switzerland Mrs. Dysart, her daughter Helen, her son Eugene, and Miss Alice Carroll, who are making a short European tour, as are the Audrans. The young ladies, young Mr. Dysart, and the Audrans go off on an Alpine tour, sustained by a patriotically American sense of rectitude and defiance of European conventionalities that ought to make Mr. Henry James feel as if much of his recent teaching on the subject had been as good as thrown away. But the author's point of view is peculiar and weakens her case. Helen is saved by Mr. Audran from a watery grave, but at the expense of a dislocated shoulder. There is no surgeon near, and Audran is obliged to operate himself. He chloroforms her, being naturally provided with the drug, and then "turned back the ripped dress, and uncovered her neck and shoulder, round and firm and fair as ivory," after which, of course, all was plain sailing. When she recovers consciousness she kisses him, and thenceforth, it appears, they are mutually in love, though they only quote a great deal of poetry to each other at first. But before long he concludes to say that if all his property were not tied up in a Colorado ranch he would like to ask her to marry him, and she puts him on probation. She really loves him, and besides, "as before her dressing-glass she unrobed her round white shoulders and dimpled arms," she says to her reflection, half-aloud: "It is a sin against nature for me to be an old maid." Moreover, she has little time to lose, being already on the verge of thirty; rather older, we may remark parenthetically, than we like heroines in novels of this quality to be. Just here Manuela appears. She is the Baroness Waldeyer, who explains to the putative Mrs. Dysart that she (Manuela) is the real owner of the name, not having been drowned, as was supposed, when she eloped with the Baron Waldeyer. She is also Helen's mother, and yearns for a daughter's love and companionship. On her return Helen learns the secret and rejoices in two mothers. Mr. Audran goes to America, and the rest all repair to the Baroness's château in Alsace. Mrs. Dysart has some qualms, but her husband has written her to conciliate the Baroness, who is besides a very winning person. She has developed an unusually fine character under the influence of the late Baron, who ran away with her, and who, it seems, "was a wonderfully good man—an enthusiast, whose soul had revolted from the common restraints of life, because of the tyranny of schools and priests." At the château Mrs. Dysart has a paralytic stroke, and her husband is telegraphed for. He in the meantime has had his life saved from murderers and his property from thieves by Audran, and speedily arrives with his daughter Julia. There is a pretty reconciliation with Baroness Manuela; Mrs. Dysart has recovered, and when dinner is announced:

"'Come, my dear,' said the Baroness, offering her arm to Julia. 'Mrs. Dysart, will you conduct your husband? Keep your own place on my right; the next is for Mr. Dysart. And you, Miss Julia, are to sit here, next to Helen. I cannot spare her from my left.'"

The great mistake in the book is in killing off the Baron, who should certainly have sat between Mr. Dysart and Julia at this feast. Audran comes soon after, and every one (except Mr. and Mrs. Dysart) gets married. Audran subsequently goes to Congress, where his first speech on the currency "surprised and delighted Secretary Sherman."

'A Nameless Nobleman' leads off an anonymous "Round Robin" series with reasonable credit. It is full of improbabilities, which are apparently to be ascribed to the laziness of the writer, as they might have been avoided with a little effort; but it is in the main agreeably and intelligently written. The average novel-reader will be apt to finish it, though the real climax comes long before the close, and after that the expedients to sustain interest are rather weak. A young French baron of the time of Louis XIV. is in love with his cousin Valerie, who, however, consents to wed his brother at the King's command. François thereupon abjures his native land, and we next hear of him shipwrecked near Plymouth, Mass., and nursed through a sickness by Molly Wilder, a pretty and charmingly innocent young Puritan, who hides him in the attic of her father's house unknown to every one, and where

he escapes the search for French prisoners (England and France being then at war) until his old Jesuit tutor rescues him. Before he leaves the house the priest marries him to Molly secretly, and when peace is declared he comes back from Canada and claims her. The priest tries to prevent him from thus entangling himself with a peasant, and assures him that his marriage service was only a hocus-pocus invented for the occasion. François, however, is contemptuously immovable, and in the same spirit resists the importunities of Valerie, who, upon the death of her husband, returned to her first love and crosses the ocean to try to win him back. The next book by this author will be likely to be better, we should say. As in 'Manuela Parédes,' there is a disproportion between the execution, which is generally very good, and the substance, which is rather weak and ill-sustained. The reverse is usually true in English light literature of this rank, it may be observed.

'Under Life's Key, and Other Stories' is a collection of Mrs. Mary Cecil Hay's tales, and we should think that by this time her monotonous voluminousness would have outworn the interest her earlier stories excited. These, moreover, keep no measure nor probability. In one the heroine marries a rich Englishman with two sons her own age. When her own son is born she is led into jesting about his future, and into remarking that, though there is no prospect of his becoming the heir, it is permitted to mothers to be ambitious. Then, going to meet the elder son by the river-side, she alone sees him carried over the falls; he had fallen asleep in a boat, and his brother had cast it adrift in a moment of temptation. The latter, trusting to his young step-mother's never revealing the crime she saw him commit, fills his father's mind with suspicion by dwelling on her ambition. During the father's absence from home the heir falls ill, and is nursed by his step-mother, who calls no doctor, as he fears confessing his crime in delirium. He is just dead when his father arrives. The latter, feeling that his wife has caused the death of his two sons, separates from her without scandal, retaining her child, who also becomes ill and dies just after the arrival of his mother, who has been sent for. At the same time arrive the second son's effects, which have been disinfected and can now be handled without fear of contagion, and among them is a letter of confession. Husband and wife are reunited, and five years after we have a glimpse of their happiness in a second family. The heroine of another story falls in love with the second son of a man who has selected her because of her wealth for the wife of his heir. The heir is in love with a penniless young girl. The two ladies visit the family together, and the heiress makes herself so disagreeable to every one that the father himself is glad to have his eldest son follow his own wishes. Whereupon, in a second visit, the heiress is as bewitching as she had been repellant, and explains her conduct by her desire to make the lovers happy. This results in her becoming happy also. The rest of these fourteen stories are of similar moment.

'The Rebel of the Family' is an apotheosis of the ugly and truthful member of a family reduced to great straits to keep the position to which they were born. The struggle is always mean and unlovely, but if anything could lift it to the level of a respectable ambition it would be the contrast afforded by the adventures of the "rebel" and the conduct of her worldly sisters. The former exposes all the family economies, chafes under maternal restraint, makes friends with an outrageously vulgar leader of the woman's rights movement, and is rescued by falling in love with a chemist who chances along. The book closes with her happy union with him, just as her sisters make wealthy but loveless matches. Something might be made out of this, possibly, by an author who should depict as likely to be equally unfortunate the fate of both obedient and disobedient daughters of such a mother as is here portrayed. But for this sort of thing Mrs. Lynn Linton would be one of the last to care a straw, which is undoubtedly wise after all, since it takes her books entirely out of the province of criticism. A child of ten years could not sympathize more completely with or more heartily approve her impulsive and impossible heroine than she does herself; yet she is a veteran novelist. How does it happen that novel-writing is one of the few human occupations which one may pursue for years without learning anything?

*Helmholtz's Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.* Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.D. Second Series. (New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881. Pp. 265.)—This volume contains an in-memoriam address on Gustav Magnus, 1871; and lectures on the origin and meaning of geometrical axioms, 1870, on the relations of optics to painting, on the origin of the planetary system, 1871, on thought in medicine, 1877, and on academic freedom in German universities, 1877. The second of these lectures, it will be remembered, is the attempt to popularize the mathematical conceptions of the fourth dimension of space, for which Zöllner and Dühring accused the author of making an indiscreet appeal to the popular imagination which indirectly

'Under Life's Key, and Other Stories. By Mary Cecil Hay.' (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Bros.  
'The Rebel of the Family. By E. Lynn Linton.' (Franklin Square Library.) New York: Harper & Bros.

'Manuela Parédes.' (No-Name Series.) Boston: Roberts Bros. 1881.

'A Nameless Nobleman.' (Round Robin Series.) Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1881.

avored spiritualism. Precisely how this resulted it is not easy to see. The third and longest is the substance of a series of lectures applying the author's optical theories to the arts of color and form, and delivered many years ago. The fifth lecture sketches the remarkable progress of German medical sciences during the last generation. In the last lecture the translator has "availed himself of a liberty granted by Professor Helmholtz" to omit some passages and to modify others, in which the conservatism and the narrow curriculum of the English universities are very unfavorably contrasted not only with German but even with French universities. Helmholtz's language in the original is strong and severe in condemnation of the lack of true academic freedom in England, and most of this, which the translator omits under the general permission of the author, is as true now as it was when it was uttered four years ago. The omission is inexcusable. The animus of what Helmholtz really said is quite reversed. The quotation is too extensive to make here, but we refer the reader to the original. On the whole, the translation is clear, the type large and plain, and the volume is hardly less valuable or interesting than the first of the series.

*William Law, Non-Juror and Mystic*; author of 'A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life,' etc.; formerly Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. A sketch of his life, character, and opinions. By J. H. Overton, M.A., Vicar of Legbourne, etc., etc. (London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1881.)—William Law is known to a small number of persons at the present time as the author of the 'Serious Call'; the book itself remaining unknown to the generality of those able to detect the pun in Lowell's "Fable for Critics"—

"(Who was born, as her mother, a Calvinist, said,  
With William Law's serious caul on her head.)"

To a smaller number of persons he is known as the tutor of Edward Gibbon and the chaplain in his father's house at Putney. He was, however, remarkable for force of mind; he was singularly original, and, despite his retirement, the influence he exerted on his time was considerable and important. If we had only the opinion of his present biographer in support of these assertions they might well be received with some degree of caution; but the standpoint of Mr. Leslie Stephen in his 'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century' is as different as possible from Mr. Overton's, and yet his opinion of Law's abilities is equally high. Moreover, as joint author with Mr. Abbey of 'The English Church in the Eighteenth Century,' Mr. Overton earned the right to speak authoritatively on any correlated subject.

Of that type of thought which is called mystical, Law is a better representative than any other Englishman. The average reader encountering this statement would immediately conceive of Law as a man of vague and dreamy aspirations and of dim and incoherent speech. He could not be more mistaken. The popular idea that a mystic is one who is misty in his thought and in the expression of his thought does not find in Law a particle of justification. Before his mystical tendencies had become developed he had won the reputation of a first-rate controversialist. His antagonists were Bishop Hoadley and Mandeville, of the famous "Fable of the Bees," which maintained the thesis that private vices are public benefits. John Sterling wrote concerning the "Remarks" on Mandeville: "I have never seen in our language the elementary grounds of a rational ideal philosophy, as opposed to empiricism, stated with nearly the same clearness, simplicity, and force." Law's 'Christian Perfection' was probably the book that first attracted to him the attention of the brothers Wesley. In the 'Serious Call' there is such a distinct foreshadowing of the Methodist movement that Bishop Warburton's saying, "Law begot Methodism," does not seem extravagant. "I was at one time," says Law, "a kind of oracle to Mr. Wesley." This was in 1729, when Law was "the much-honored friend and spiritual director of the whole family" at Putney, from which Edward Gibbon was now absent making the grand tour. The Wesley brothers walked from Oxford to London three or four times a year to consult Law on spiritual matters. But what attracted them to him was not his most characteristic thought. This was not revealed till after the elder Gibbon's death, when Law retired to his native village in Northamptonshire, and presided in a modest way over a religious house of which Miss Hester Gibbon was a conspicuous member. This manner of life continued twenty-two years. Schools were founded, and such "almsgiving" as was certainly "no charity" was practised with indiscriminate zeal. His study of Jacob Behmen and other Continental mystics had begun at Putney, and it was now carried on with deeper enthusiasm. Mr. Overton introduces his account of Law's mysticism with three chapters on mysticism in general. These chapters are carefully written, and with much intelligence. It would be interesting to know if Carlyle was ever a reader of Law's mystical writings, and if he met and recognized his own thought in them in any degree. Certainly the idea of Law, that the visible world is but a revelation and parable of the invisible, is not exceedingly remote from the philosophy of clothes developed in 'Sartor Resartus.' With his mystical development his controversial ability did not die out, some of his ablest controversial writings

belonging to the last years of his life. Even the burly Warburton found him more than a match for his truculent fierceness.

*The Caliph Haroun Alraschid and Saracen Civilization.* By E. H. Palmer. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1881. 12mo, pp. 228.)—Mr. Palmer, who is a professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge, has, perhaps, the most complete acquaintance with that language of any living European. Having thoroughly studied it in Europe, together with several other Oriental languages, he spent some years in the East, while still a young man, and this combination of study and practice has made it almost, if not quite, as familiar to him as his mother-tongue. An Arabic grammar, a Persian dictionary, and, most remarkable of all, a translation of "Lalla Rookh" into Arabic verse, are among his achievements in Oriental scholarship. We recall these facts because the present volume must depend in a large degree upon a knowledge of the author's equipment for its hold upon the reader's confidence. It gives an account not only of Haroun Alraschid, but also of the famous family of the Barmecides, who made him great and whom he rewarded with utter destruction. All who have read the 'Arabian Nights' will be glad to learn something of the vizier Jafer, who accompanied Haroun in search of adventures in his nightly wanderings through the streets of Bagdad. The book is drawn entirely from Oriental sources. As many of these exist only in manuscript, or in printed books almost equally inaccessible to the general reader, and as Professor Palmer gives no special references to his authorities, we must, of course, rely only upon his judgment and discrimination in the use he has made of them. If his object were merely to leave upon the mind of his reader a vivid impression of the personality of the caliph and to make an entertaining book, he has been most successful; but if, as the title seems to indicate, he intended to give a clear account of "Saracen Civilization," that intention must have slipped his mind when he took up his pen. He tells us in general terms that Alraschid was a patron of literature, science, and art, but as to who were the men distinguished in these several departments, what they did, how their achievements compare with those of the different periods of European culture, what they added to the "fixed capital" of the intellectual world, we have hardly any information.

In an introduction, Mr. Palmer gives a sketch of the history of the caliphate previous to the accession of Alraschid. The biography is divided into two parts, not very unequal in size, the first giving the historical, the second the legendary caliph. But it is difficult to see any good ground for this division. The historical portion is largely made up of personal anecdotes. The legendary portion consists entirely of these, but Mr. Palmer vouches for the historical accuracy of the larger part of them. The division is of little consequence, as the two parts are entirely consistent. The same man appears in both, and, if we mistake not, most readers who have been accustomed to hear the epithets "genial," "wise," "just," "good," and "great" coupled with the name of Haroun Alraschid will rise from the perusal of Mr. Palmer's book with the regretful exclamation, "One more hero vanished from history!" Mr. Palmer possesses so many requisites for presenting a trustworthy picture, his book has so much internal evidence of truthfulness, the effort to represent his hero in as favorable a light as the facts will admit is so plain, that we are forced to admit that the Haroun Alraschid of our boyhood is a very different person from the Harūn-er-Rashīd ("Aaron the Orthodox") of historical criticism. This genial companion murders his sister and her children on account of the consequences of an alliance which he had forced upon her under absurd and unnatural conditions, in order that she might be present at his drunken revels. This wise philosopher is continually tormented with the most ridiculous superstitions. This just ruler is never at a loss to find excuses for confiscating the property of a wealthy subject. This good man indulges in a sensuality transcending the limits set even by the prudence of pleasure. This great monarch leaves his empire declining towards ruin. He patronizes men of learning because he likes to be talked about, lawyers because they find crooked ways by which he may escape from the entanglements of his own illegal acts, poets and musicians because they add a zest of refinement to his revelry, and physicians because they prescribe copious draughts of the wine which the Koran forbids him to taste. Mr. Palmer, indeed, does not present all this in the abrupt manner which the space at our disposal compels us to adopt. But the legitimate inference from his facts is, that Haroun Alraschid was a representative Oriental despot.

The book can be read through in a few hours, and the great number of short anecdotes that it contains render it very interesting and often very amusing.

*Sister Augustine: An Old-Catholic.* (New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1881.)—At first sight this book might be thought simply a record of self-devotion such as we have known in Alexandrine de la Ferronays or Sister Dora, but the interest and value of it are really quite other and quite its own. As biography it is a strong appeal to the heart, but as history it is a graphic sketch of the state of parties in the Rhineland, and of the phases of feeling



which preceded and prepared the way for the "Old-Catholic" movement. Remote as we are in fact and in sympathy from Roman Catholic Germany, it has been difficult for us to conceive either of the nature or the force of this movement. We have heard the echoes of theological discussions and vigorous protests from the pulpit and the professor's chair, but this life of Amalie von Lasaulx ("Sister Augustine") reveals it to us in the homes and hearts of the people.

She became a nun, forty years ago, from no fond illusions about convent life, but simply to devote herself to the nursing of the sick. To this her whole life was given, either in the hospital at Bonn, where she was the superior, or with the Prussian army. Her sweet and cheery temper, her perfect sincerity, her breadth of view, the steady poise of her whole character, made her Protestant friend, Professor Perthes, in hearty admiration, and the lady-superior of her order, in bitterest unkindness, agree in pronouncing her "quite different from all other Sisters of Charity." To such a nature submission to the decrees of the Vatican Council and belief in Papal infallibility were impossible. Against this refusal to accept the new dogma her whole faithful lifetime counted as naught, and cruel persecution fell upon her. Already stricken with mortal disease, she was deposed and excommunicated. Alone and almost by stealth she sought refuge in a little village hospital, and there, though refused "what was more precious than anything else—the Holy Sacrament," she calmly awaited death. No martyr at the stake is a nobler figure than "Sister Augustine, sitting in her chair, bent with sorrow and sickness; her ideal of Church and convent long since shattered, and herself now rejected and condemned by the very order which she had so faithfully served for thirty-two years." No legend is more eloquent and pathetic than the story of the corpse stripped of the sister's robe, which they dared not take from her living, the lonely coffin ferried over the Rhine in a solitary boat, sent with purposed unkindness too early for reverent and expectant friends to meet it. Left deserted by the river-side, it was found hours after with the children playing around it. The excommunicated priests had offered to perform the funeral service for her who had so truly been a martyr—a tried witness—for the old faith, but her friends with a wise and singular moderation declined, lest "a public funeral would not so much have given the impression of a grave and obligatory duty in time of need, as of an opposition demonstration against the rightful ecclesiastical authorities." But love and honor were not wanting as friends, clergy, professors, and citizens thrice repeated the Lord's Prayer over the grave, and then heaped it with flowers and palm-branches. The life has been written in the same temperate spirit. There are no reproaches, no criticism beyond the strict demands of justice. Its effect in the Rhineland was profound, and it cannot fail even here to be widely read and deeply felt.

*What Shall We Do with Our Walls?* By Clarence Cook. (New York: Warren, Fuller & Co.)—*The Art of Furnishing on Rational and Aesthetic Principles.* By H. J. Cooper. First American from the second English edition. (New York: Henry Holt & Co.)—*Woman's Handiwork in Modern Homes.* By Constance Cary Harrison. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)—Mr. Clarence Cook has written for manufacturers of wall-paper a brochure entitled 'What Shall We Do with Our Walls?' and intended to enforce the answer, "Upon the whole, paper them." Some of the designs by Messrs. Colman and Tiffany, which illustrate the text, contribute much persuasiveness to the argument, but an important point is overlooked altogether—namely, the cost of such beautiful paper. If, as we suspect, its expense is greater than water-color, we can hardly agree with Mr. Cook's implication that it is preferable for people of modest means. And even on the same terms the preference for one or the other is very much a matter of taste. Mr. Cook says distemper can't be cleaned, and oil-color is expensive and inferior in artistic effect, whereas paper can be renewed as often as necessary. This need not be disputed before asking for some details as to the comparative cost. Can paper be renewed more cheaply than distemper, or does it need renewal less frequently?—we mean such paper as is here presented in Mr. Colman's and Mr. Tiffany's designs. There is, however, the consideration that it is possible for the general public to get good wall-paper, and impossible to get good frescoing done at anything like the same cost. Mr. Cook rightly makes the most of this, and all that he says of our house-painters is unhappily true. We suppose the general public will have better-looking walls if they paper them with the paper that is now abundant than if they call in the services of the professional decorator. To improve the general stock of wall-paper Messrs. Warren & Fuller have "invited artists to design them wall-papers that shall have decided artistic qualities, and yet shall be suited to actual needs, and that shall command a place in the market." After these become the fashion, as, of course, they constantly tend to become, people's houses generally will look better. But why should not the decorators as well as the wall-paper manufacturers take advantage of the demand for better household art, so that in the end it will be as cheap to have one's walls painted in good taste as it is now expensive? There is, we believe, no question that people of taste can contrive to suit themselves just as well with distemper as with the best wall-paper; at least, if they stand up to their painters

with firmness. But we appreciate the fact that Mr. Cook has in mind people in general, and of course those who have to depend upon the few firms who decorate will find it expensive. The truth is that before household art can amount to anything, seriously considered, there will have to be a more general appreciation of beauty and propriety, and a corresponding ability to dispense with such literature as the subject has lately given rise to. The real service which this performs is to convince people who need to be convinced of the fact that household taste is a good thing. Any specific advice in regard to furnishing and decorating is apt to be ludicrously impractical. No one who can appreciate Mr. Cook's agreeable writing about what to do with our walls really needs his advice. If it were not so evidently a labor of love to him we should say it was time thrown away. But in the sense referred to it probably does perform a missionary service.

As to the specific counsel, a great deal of refined ingenuity is displayed, and the writer is probably interested in hunting his ideas to their fastnesses; but of what practical value to grown people is such a suggestion as this?—"The decision here depends on whether the husband or the wife is the one more concerned in the matter, for I believe it is commonly seen that men like a great deal of sunlight in the house, and are pleased with a decoration of gold or red, or colors in these keys, be they strong or pale, while ladies, for the more part, like sombre tints, or such as absorb rather than reflect the light." Quite as practical and quite as valuable advice would be some suggestion as to how husband and wife, before decorating a room, are to decide as to which is "boss," vulgarly speaking—at any rate, if it be a room in which they are both equally concerned. It is all very well to note that the point will have to be determined somehow, but how is the very pinch of the matter; and here Mr. Cook fails us.

Mr. Cooper's 'Art of Furnishing' is similarly vague and otherwise unsatisfactory. E.g. (p. 20): "We would rather, as a general principle, treat a wall as a wall, preserving its flatness (or vertical plane), at the same time endeavoring to avoid monotony and crudeness either of design or color." So would we, if we were puzzled about the matter; but how to do this Mr. Cooper does not tell us. And he does not, simply because he cannot, and no one but one's self can. Now and then he is more specific, but we should like to ask Mr. Colman or Mr. Tiffany what he thinks of such a statement as (p. 21), "Gold is of doubtful service in enhancing the effect of a paper, especially if the design be good." On the other hand, who will object to this (p. 58): "Take care to get the best proportion and sizes possible for your dining-table, as much comfort depends on this. If the top is too narrow, plates and dishes will be huddled together; if too broad, the room-space on either side will be infringed upon." Or this (p. 60): "Sometimes, however, it happens that we get a real easy chair, and even then find it does not suit us." In the drawing-room, where "the sweets of life only are distilled, the flowers of life gathered," the furniture should be "suited as nearly as can be to the varied purposes of recreation, social and intellectual, uniformly associated with its name." Therefore "it is useless to have a lot of stiff high chairs," although you mustn't have them too low for "elderly gentlemen, who object to being dropped into a seat from which they find it impossible to lift themselves without assistance" (p. 74). Mr. Cooper does, indeed, describe in detail one apartment he knows of, in which "any ruffled feelings which you might have had on entering must involuntarily have been smoothed down before you had been seated ten minutes" (p. 73); but this is evidently a very remarkable room, which it would cost a good deal to duplicate.

Mrs. Constance Cary Harrison's work is much more elaborate, but we should be inclined to say even of it that its usefulness consisted chiefly in awakening in its general subject the interest of people who have hitherto paid little attention to it. Ninety-five of its two hundred and thirty-five pages are devoted to embroidery, and a great many stitches are described, some of them with illustrative diagrams. But these are not described explicitly enough to take the place of an instructor, and, indeed, are not apparently designed to do so. Like the rest of the book, they seem rather an account of what is now being done and has been done in the art of needlework, from seeing which any one may get a general idea of its attractiveness and variety. As the writer says, her purpose has been to suggest "models of infinite value in forming the taste of the student," and to call attention to the accessibility to New-Yorkers of "admirable specimens bearing the sign-manual of many ages and nations." In short, her work is a cyclopædia rather than a manual. A visit to the rooms of the Ladies' Society of Decorative Art, or at least several visits, would probably be of more practical utility to the beginner in embroidery, but in the many "modern homes" throughout the country intelligence as particular as this of what is going on here in "woman's handiwork" will doubtless be welcome and prove generally stimulating. Various details as to the cost of materials, etc., are of especial value, and a young lady in Peru, Indiana, say, who knows something of stitches, may find something imitable in a design for a screen by Miss Dora Wheeler on page 70, or something suggestive in the piece of Cinquecento appliqué reproduced on page 60, to select from many examples. To her also it may be serviceable to learn (p. 162) that "Poe knew the witchery of hanging stuffs when he wrote of the 'silken, sad, un-

certain rustle of a purple curtain,' and Keats, when he portrayed his lady's dream 'shaded by the dusk curtains' and all 'entailed in woofed phantasies.'" To readers nearer the metropolis the work may be useful as a compendium, and we do not hesitate to predict great popularity for it among those—and there are many—who like to read what is written on this subject, although it may give them little instruction. It is the product of much research and intelligent industry, and is very prettily got up and illustrated by, among others, plates in colored lithography from designs by Messrs. Tiffany, Colman, and George Gibson, and Miss Rosina Emmet.

*Germany, Present and Past.* By S. Baring-Gould. (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.; New York: Henry Holt & Co.)—Mr. Baring-Gould's name is well known, though not in that branch of literature to which the volume before us belongs. He seems to have lived some time in Germany, and as there is no English book which gives a general view of the history and society of that country it may have occurred to Mr. Gould's publishers that such a work would be profitable, and that Mr. Gould was a person competent to write it. Perhaps he was, but it is very evident that in preparing it he was guided by his own taste rather than by a consideration of the needs or likings of the public.

It is incumbent on the reviewer to say this, not only because the book does not fulfil the promise of the title, but also because the false idea caused by the name will be strengthened, for the American reader, by the fact that it comes to him from the same publishers, and in the same shape, as the works on Russia, Egypt, and England, by Messrs. Wallace, McCoan, and Escott. There are nineteen chapters, and their subjects are, for the most part, inviting; but inspection shows that the author's standpoint is that of an antiquarian, not that of a traveller or observer. Thus, the chapter on women gives us, not a description of their position, character, and habits, but a synopsis of the 'Niebelungen' and of the literary history of the Weimar period. The chapter on marriage treats not of married life, but of the development in Germany of the legal idea of marriage, beginning with the provisions of the Lex Salica. The chapter entitled "Culture" should have been called "Culturgeschichte," for it is devoted to the court scandals of the last two centuries. The chapters on Social Democracy, peasant-proprietors, forest-royalty, the church, labor, and education, are much better, because more suited to statistical treatment. Those on the stage, the nobility, the universities, are dry historical retrospects.

Mr. Baring-Gould does not believe in that quixotic literary honesty which requires the acknowledgment of the writer's immediate authority when quoting at second-hand. Vehse, for instance, is transcribed by the page, but his name occurs only in the list of works consulted. A more serious fault is the author's loose manner of statement, in treating the present as well as the past. A list of the instances we have noticed of such cases of carelessness would exceed our space; two must, therefore, suffice. In the chapter on Social Democracy Mr. Baring-Gould asserts that "The state now monop-

olizes the telegraphs, the railways, the post-office, the sugar-culture, the salt-mines, and proposes to monopolize tobacco-growing." So far is the state from "monopolizing" the railways that the Governments do not own half of them, while as regards the sugar and tobacco culture, the statement is not merely incorrect, it is absurd. The Government proposed to assume, not the cultivation of tobacco, but the trade in it, as in France, Italy, Austria, and other countries. Mr. Baring-Gould's acquaintance with mediæval history may be inferred from his mention of "Emperors of Austria" in the fifteenth century.

*The Family Medical Guide:* a complete popular dictionary of medicine and hygiene. Edited by Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S., etc. American edition, revised, with additions and amendments. (New York: E. B. Pelton & Co. 1881. 8vo, pp. 496.)—This dictionary aims to cover the whole ground of medicine and surgery, including diagnosis, therapeutics, and *materia medica*, in a single volume. Its execution is naturally unequal. Some of its articles—as, for instance, "Diphtheria," "Alcohol," "Keloid"—give the substance of what is known upon the topics discussed. A greater number are insufficient, as "Hygrometer," "Dew-point," and the related captions, or "Weight and Height," in which the tables take no account of age as a factor; or misleading, as "Health Resorts," under which the American editor (presumably) says that "in the south of Florida the temperature scarcely changes the year round," a statement which is true only of some of the keys on the edge of the Gulf Stream; and that in Minnesota "all the seasons are remarkably free from sudden changes." In the article "Croup," again, there is a grave error of omission in the failure to indicate the clinical thermometer as an almost indispensable means of distinguishing that disease at the outset from *laryngismus stridulus*. But in a work so condensed as this, and yet of such wide scope, accuracy is seldom or never obtainable. An authoritative résumé of such a multitude of subjects as are touched upon in the 'Medical Guide' requires the collaboration of many writers who are experts in their provinces; and expert knowledge does not find its best market in short, unsigned dictionary articles.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Cummins (A. H.), Grammar of the Old Frisian Language.....	(Trubner & Co.)
Davies (J.), Hindu Philosophy.....	(Jansen, McClurg & Co.)
Dial, Vol. i.....	(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) 1 00
Emerson Birthday Book.....	(Ginn & Heath)
Hudson (Rev. H. N.), Harvard Shakspeare, Vols. xv., xvi.....	(Herm. Braams)
Koolman (J. ten D.), Wörterbuch der Ostfriesischen Sprache, Part xii., swd.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 1 25
Lang (A.), The Library.....	(J. R. Osgood & Co.) 1 00
Lesson in Love: a Tale.....	(Trubner & Co.)
Long (Rev. J.), Eastern Proverbs and Emblems.....	(Charles Scribner's Sons) 2 00
Müller (Prof. M.), Chips from a German Workshop, Vol. v.....	(F. W. Christern)
Pallain (G.), Correspondance inédite du Prince de Talleyrand et du Roi Louis XVIII., swd.....	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1 00
Pallain (G.), Correspondance of Prince Talleyrand and King Louis XVIII.....	(Harper & Bros.)
Rawlinson (Prof. G.), History of Ancient Egypt, 2 vols.....	(Scribner & Welford) 21 00
Sellar (Prof. W. Y.), Roman Poets of the Republic.....	(Macmillan & Co.) 3 50
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